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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1905.

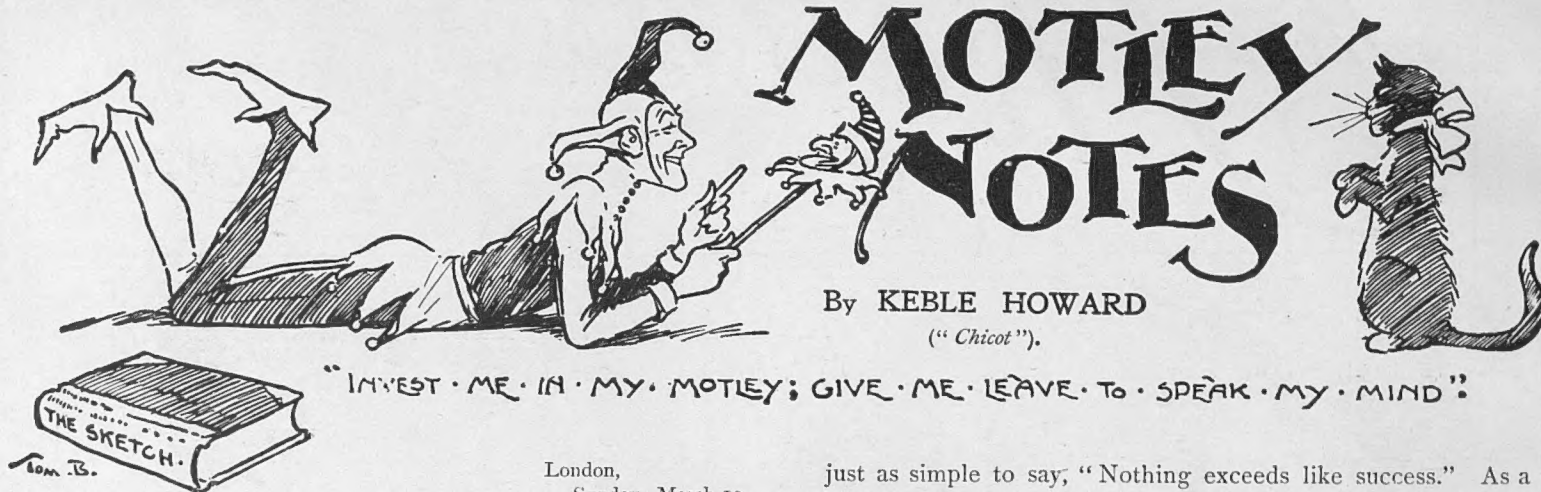
SIXPENCE.



THE WEEK'S TRIUMPH OF ACTING: MISS IRIS HAWKINS AS MICKEY IN "EVERYBODY'S SECRET."

Little Miss Hawkins, the eleven-year-old actress who has made so pronounced a success in the new piece at the Haymarket, is by no means without stage experience. Many will remember her in the title-rôle of "Little White Barbara," and she also played in "The Fairy's Dilemma" and "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.



London,
Sunday, March 19.

"ANY fool," as Mr. Bernard Shaw has said with such refreshing modesty, "can make an audience laugh." It takes something more than a fool, though, to make an audience—a sophisticated audience—cry. That victory is won only when the author and the principal actors and actresses interpreting him possess, in addition to mere technical skill, knowledge of and intense sympathy with human nature. Such an one is Pierre Wolff, author of "Le Secret de Polichinelle," and such an actor and actress are Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Carlotta Addison, on whom falls the burden of "Everybody's Secret," the adaptation of "Le Secret de Polichinelle" produced on Tuesday evening last at the Haymarket Theatre. The majority of those first-nighters who occupy the stalls, and boxes, and dress-circle are a cynical lot, say what they may, and it was the more interesting, therefore, to see them crying over the pretty, simple little story that was being told upon the stage. Of course, they didn't cry really. Very few people actually cry in a theatre. When they say, "It made me cry," they mean that they could have cried if they had had the pluck. The first-night audience at the Haymarket, therefore, allowed themselves to get just as far as a tickling in the nose, and then stopped short. When the lights went up, each one looked nervously at his neighbour, grinned, and then said, in a tentative, rather sneering way, "Well, how d'you like it?"

It is a very great pity that modern folk are so ashamed of their better feelings. Somehow or other, they have come to look upon a sentimentalist as a dabbler in sentimentality, whereas there is a wide gulf between the two. Sentimentalist, after all, is merely another name for a man of good heart. Why should a man be ashamed of having a good heart? Freemasons are not ashamed of their craft, although, judging by what I have heard and observed, Freemasonry depends mainly upon sentiment. It is sentiment that binds Freemasons together, and keeps their splendid charities going. Every Freemason, then, as such, is a sentimentalist. But get him away from his "Lodge" and you will find that he repudiates the term with scorn. He will talk, glibly, about "rubbishing sentiment." By the same token, men who will spend hours in their nurseries, pretending to be horses, and bears, and giants, and all the rest of the lovable nonsense, think it the correct thing to sneer at the new Haymarket play because it contains a little boy who asks innumerable questions and plays with toy trains. They say that that is not the "sort of thing" for dramatic treatment. Why, in heaven's name? There is just as much true comedy in the scene when Lady Parkes, a stiff-and-starched old aristocrat, snatches her obscurely-born little grandson to her breast as in the first meeting between Romeo and Juliet. One happens to illustrate the maternal instinct, and the other the sexual instinct. That is all. May the dramatist, pray, treat of no subject that is not sexual?

"Everybody's Secret" has another quality—a negative quality—that recommends the play to me very strongly. I mean the absence of the epigram. Years and years ago, when the dramatist had to make his appeal to an audience half-fuddled with alcohol, the most popular form of humour was the pun. Even Shakspeare made puns. Later, when people began to discover, in larger numbers, the joy of mental pleasures as opposed to physical, the pun went out of fashion. Indeed, it came to be despised and hated—despised because it was so easy to make, hated because it rendered sustained conversation impossible. The place of the pun, however, was taken by the epigram. No play was considered clever—poor, much-abused word!—unless it contained a certain number of "smart lines." For example, "Nothing succeeds like excess" was looked upon, a decade ago, as a miracle of wit, although it would have been

just as simple to say, "Nothing exceeds like success." As a matter of fact, it was the simplicity of the game that made it unfashionable, for it was played in every suburban back-drawing-room until the very servants talked in epigrams. To-day, then, the epigram is almost as dead as the pun, although the attentive listener may occasionally hear a cook on a West Kensington 'bus murmur to her neighbour, "Nothing annoys me so much as being pleased: do you know what I mean, dear?" Whereupon her companion, bored to maliciousness, retorts, "Yes, darling."

In the north-east of England there is a Philistine. (There are a good many in the south-east, too, but I cannot deal with them to-day.) This particular Philistine is the post-office surveyor. A post-office surveyor, apparently, is a person who has control of the postmen in his district, and the gentleman who holds this position in the north-east of England objects, according to the *Postmen's Gazette*, to the custom common among postmen of wearing their hats on the back of their heads. He says they do it "so as to show a fringe which has been obviously most carefully cultivated." And I say, in reply, that he is a Philistine. Search the countryside, and where will you find a more picturesque, more pleasing figure than the postman? On account of this very quality, indeed, any little weakness of which he may be guilty—such as pausing for an hour or so to help a pretty dairy-maid with the churning—is willingly excused. It is only right, therefore, that he should be allowed to add to his attractive appearance in any way that seems good to him. Why, a postman without a fringe would be like a policeman without a moustache. If you have ever seen such a thing as *that*, Mr. Surveyor, you will appreciate the force of my objection.

In a recent issue of *The Sketch*, I was foolhardy enough to plunge into a discussion that is going forward in the *Grand Magazine* on the question, "Who has the best time—a man or a woman?" I gave six reasons why an average woman always has had and always will have a better time than a man, and I then hastened to add that all my remarks were based upon the idle gossip of the profoundly ignorant. In reply, a correspondent, signing herself "Man's Natural Enemy"—fancy a man having a good time after that!—sends me "six instructive statements for the benefit of the profoundly ignorant." Note how that, taking my points seriatim, she snubs me out of existence every time—

CHICOT. She is more easily pleased.

M. N. E. She is more easily displeased.

CHICOT. She expects less than a man, but generally manages to get more.

M. N. E. She expects less wages than a man, and gets more work.

CHICOT. She can always make a man do what she wants.

M. N. E. But she doesn't care for the man she can make do as she likes.

CHICOT. She never does anything she doesn't want to do.

M. N. E. The next moment she wants to do it.

CHICOT. She is less sensitive.

M. N. E. Unanswerable impertinence!

CHICOT. She can cry without feeling pain.

M. N. E. Incorrect, because crying causes red eyelids, and that gives her pain.

"She could also," my correspondent concludes, "give you six very good reasons why a man has a better time than a woman—but she won't!" But do, dear "Natural Enemy." You are so enthusiastic, and—judging from the fact that you put notes of exclamation after each one of them—so delighted with your replies that I should love to play another round with you. Look here! I promise that, if you send me your six very good reasons why a man has a better time than a woman, I will prove every one of them to be wrong. What do you say?

GATHER YE TAXES WHILE YE MAY, OLD TIME IS STILL A-FLYING.

—HERRICK (adapted)



THE TWELFTH HOUR.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Opinions of the French—No Food for Cossack Ponies—Japanese Teaching Russians their own Alphabet—A Warship as a Yacht—Where Togo Waits—A Paradise for Police.

I WAS in Paris last week, and chatted with many Frenchmen of all classes concerning the Russo-Japanese War. There is only one opinion in France, the opinion voiced by all the papers, that Russia should make peace at once, before she is crippled still further in men and finances. No Frenchman will say outright, what is in the thoughts of all of them, that Russia must be stopped, if possible, from shedding more blood in Manchuria, because she will not be strong enough to fulfil in Europe her military engagements to France should she be called upon to do so; but I think that the apprehension that Russia is ceasing to be a great fighting Power distresses the French even more than the idea that she might cease to be a great paying Power.

It was curious to find that every Frenchman anticipated reproaches from Russia, and had ready an answer to the question as to why Russia should be asked to cease fighting now, after Mukden, while the French themselves carried on a hopeless struggle after Metz and Sedan. "The Russians are in a Chinese province, on which the Czar only holds a lien; there is no question of an invasion of Russian territory, there is no fear that Russia will be asked to surrender a province. We were fighting in our own country against invaders and were straining every nerve to save our own territory," was what every Frenchman said, in effect, to me.

The greatest difficulty the Russians will have to encounter at Kharbin, so men who know the country well tell me, will be the difficulty of obtaining forage for their horses. While the army was at Mukden, it was in the midst of the most fertile part of Manchuria, and the Trans-Siberian Railway was called upon to do little more than transport men and ammunition. A Cossack pony is said to feed on stones and sand and to thrive on that diet; but it also requires something more filling, though it is not at all particular what that something is, and the forage, whether it be coarse or fine, which must be provided will now have to be brought from Russia, and will be terribly bulky to transport.

There is a charming topsy-turvydom, which is thoroughly Japanese, in the fact that the captors are teaching the captured Russians the Russian alphabet, and hope before the war is over to make them adepts at reading and writing their own language.

When the hundred thousand or more Russian prisoners are sent back to their own country at the close of the war, they will be a greater danger to the grinding-down officials than all the bombs of the Anarchists, for every man will have seen a free people, living in a pleasant land, with an Assembly elected by the workers, and with education for all. The tales the returned prisoner will tell during the winter evenings to his fellow villagers will stir even their dull brains to envy.

Any Briton who would like to cruise this summer in a battleship of his own, and does not mind spending from £10,000 to £20,000 as a preliminary expense, can have, on April 4, a unique choice as to what ship he will select. The conditions of the sale of the

twenty-eight ships of the British Navy which are to come under the hammer at Chatham contain, amongst others, a proviso that the purchasers shall be British, and that the vessels shall be broken up within a year of purchase; but there is nothing to prevent a free-born Briton who has, as the Americans say, money to burn from flying his private flag off Cowes this August on the *Warspite*, the *Northampton*, or the "saucy *Arethusa*."

If any Hotel Company wants a floating mansion, the *Exmouth*, which is included in the sale, would make a most desirable residence on the water, and, no doubt, the rules as to breaking-up would be quashed in regard to this ship. The eight coastguard sailing-cruisers which are to be sold will also, no doubt, be spared from the indignity of the breakers' hammers for a while. The disappearance of these boats from the list of the Navy is the proof positive that smuggling is no longer to be classed amongst the heroic and dangerous professions.

Admiral Togo, no doubt, looked in at Singapore to get any news that might be available of the

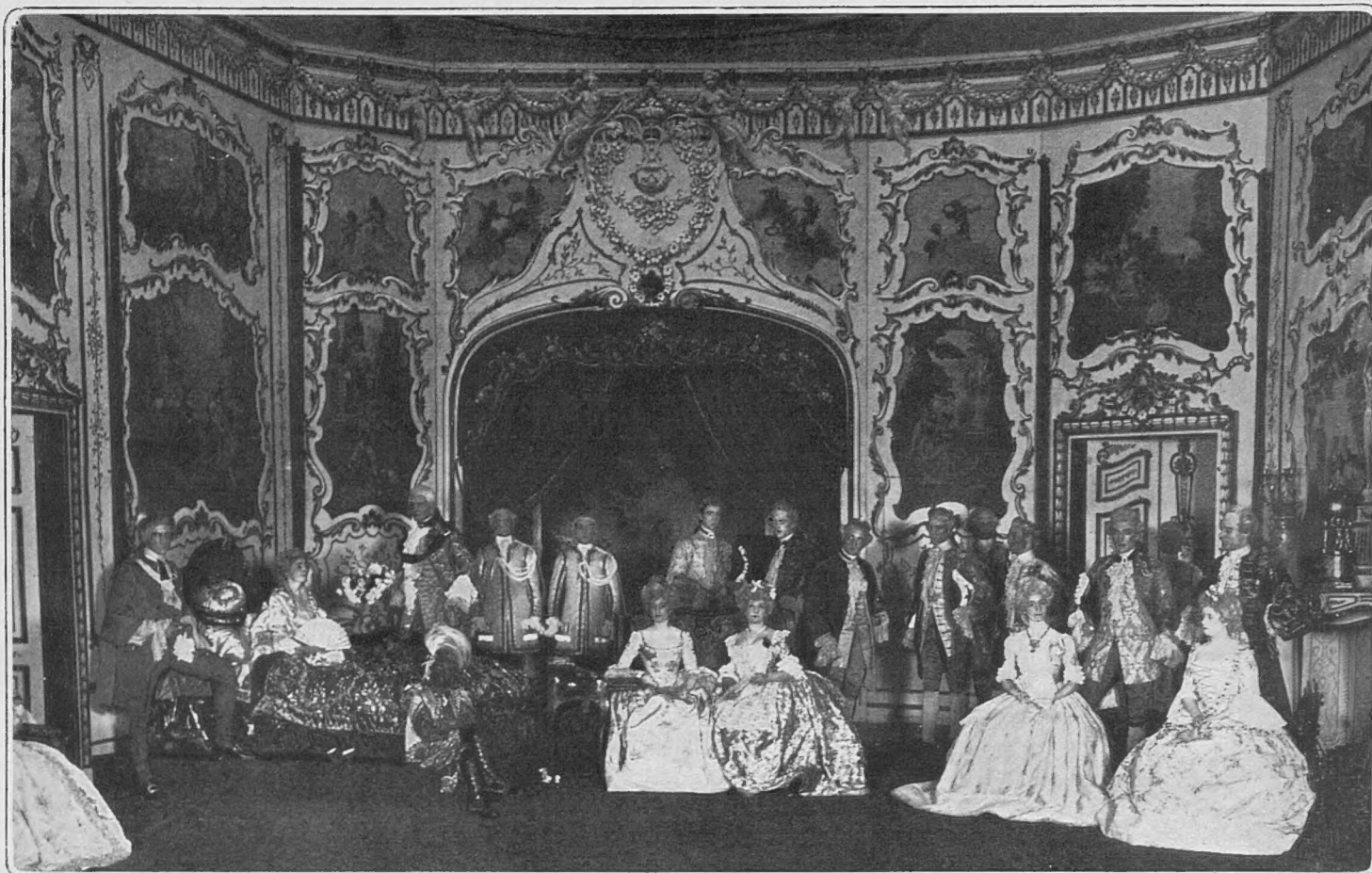
movements of the Russian Fleet. He did not come into the harbour, and there was no need for him to do so, for amidst the archipelago which surrounds the island of Singapore there are plenty of sheltered anchorages, where the only officials to enforce the rules of neutrality would be two Malay policemen, who spend their time in nakedness and the joys of sailing a surf-boat until the day comes near when the police officer is likely to come round on his steam-launch to inspect the station. Then they don uniforms and become serious persons. These islands, Pulo this and Pulo that, are miniature paradises more beautiful even than the islands of the Inland Sea, and to the Japanese sailors, who have spent months in the bitter weather of the North, these tropic lands will be a delightful halting-place until they learn in which direction the Russian Admiral has turned the prows of his warships.



"DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY: MRS. BROWN-POTTER IN THE PROLOGUE.

FROM A DRAWING, MADE AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

FROM TRIUMPHS TO TUMBRIL: "DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

The Du Barri (Mrs. Brown-Potter).

THE DU BARRI'S BEDROOM AT VERSAILLES.

The Prologue of M. Richepin's play introduces Jeannette Vaubernier as apprentice in Mme. Labille's millinery-shop, the favourite of most of the customers, nicknamed "L'Ange," and already the object of considerable admiration to the beaux of Paris. Then, enter the Prince Rohan Rochefort, warning her against the wiles of the roué Jean du Barri, a gentleman whose protégées have a habit of rising from the shop to the salon in a fashion not accounted for by their progress in culture or in morals. Rochefort offers his love, the Comte du Barri a ride in his carriage and a glimpse of the King. The latter suggestion is accepted, together with a love-token from the philosopher-aristocrat. The scene next changes to the pavilion at Versailles, where Louis the Well-Beloved is introduced to the successor to De Pompadour, where it is arranged, in order that presentation at Court may be possible, that "L'Ange" shall marry the Comte du Barri, and where Prince Rohan makes the second of a series of embarrassing appearances. Then follows the Du Barri's bedroom at Versailles, and the famous courtesan is seen holding a petite levée, securing the dismissal of Choiseul, entertaining the King, and receiving a stolen visit from the Prince, whose gage Louis, in a fit of jealousy, has thrown from the window.



The Du Barri.

THE RUE ST. HONORÉ.

Louveciennes is the scene of a great fête at which the Du Barri is playing hostess. Amongst the mummerys, needless to say, is the Prince, disguised as a pilgrim. This worthy has been recognised by the creature of the Comte du Barri, who informs the King upon his arrival. On that, Louis, righteously indignant, re-banishes his rival, and dismisses Du Barri, leaving her, however, the house at Louveciennes. The Epilogue shows the exterior of this house, before which are some half-dozen poor citizens of Paris regaling themselves on soup provided by their notorious hostess. The Friends of the People then arrive, and seize the courtesan, on the ground of her prodigality. Next, we see the interior of the Conciergerie, in which the Du Barri is imprisoned, and also witness the arrival of the Prince. This is Madame la Comtesse's opportunity for a Sidney Cartonish action of the most approved kind. The Abbé Terray arrives on the scene with a blank passport for one, and, in her love for the Prince, Du Barri fills in his name instead of her own. Thus we see her in the tumbrel, passing her old workshop on her way to the guillotine in an heroic fashion hardly justified by the writings of the historian.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

MARCH 25.

THE QUEEN AND THE SUBMARINE FLOTILLA.

UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INTERIOR OF PORT ARTHUR.

Prince as Engine-Driver :

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria's Journey to Paris.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on
 its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
 three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical
 or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according
 to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
 requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
 (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
 With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
 photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect
 and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each
 photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
 are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Rejected contributions are invariably returned within
 the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
 accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
 Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
 payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE AUTHOR OF "THE VICISSITUDES OF EVANGELINE": MRS. CLAYTON GLYN.

Mrs. Glyn, who is best-known as the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," has just issued her fourth book in the same vein, "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline."

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Consort in the matter of composing her own Household, and political questions played no part in the selection of "the group of noble dames" whose duty it is to be in attendance on the Sovereign's Consort, for Her Majesty chose her Household according to the dictates of her heart and the claims of friendship.

A Unique Position. The Hon. Charlotte Knollys holds a unique position in both the King and Queen's regard. It will be remembered that, within a few days of the Accession, the Sovereign raised his Consort's most devoted and trusted friend and servant a step in rank, a fact which at the time excited much interested comment. Miss Knollys is, of course, the sister of King Edward's private secretary and lifelong friend, and she has been connected with the British Court from childhood upwards. She is the Queen's inseparable companion, both at home and abroad, and on the occasion of the dangerous fire at Sandringham her presence of mind, undoubtedly, saved her beloved mistress from the most awful of deaths.

Of the Royal Household. The appointment of two sisters, Lady Gosford and Lady Alice Stanley, to be at one and the same time members of the Queen's Household was an unprecedented occurrence and a great tribute to friendship. Her Majesty has always been especially intimate with the Duchess of Devonshire, and by thus honouring two of her three daughters she must have greatly gratified their brilliant and kindly mother. The Dowager Lady Lytton was attached to the late Court circle, and Queen Alexandra singled her out for special favour before the Accession of our present Sovereign. The Queen has remained young in heart as well as in appearance, and she delights in having young people about her.

THE QUEEN, from the day she arrived in this country, loveliest but least-known of Royal brides, determined to make England her home and centre in every sense of the word. She at once chose her friends among her new surroundings, and even now Her Majesty is still on intimate terms with many great ladies whom she first saw on her memorable wedding-day in the March of 1863. On the King's Accession, Queen Alexandra exercised the pleasant privilege of a Queen

Several of her daughters' contemporaries are honoured by her warm friendship: this is especially the case with Lady Chelsea, the daughter of the late Lord Alington, and her sister, Lady Hardinge, now Ambassadors at St. Petersburg. Yet another Lady Hardinge, who is the daughter of their Majesties' old friend and faithful servant, Sir Arthur Ellis, is a great favourite of Her Majesty.

The Queen's great love of music is a strong bond between Her Majesty and Lady de Grey, whose mother-in-law, Lady Ripon, is numbered among Queen Alexandra's oldest friends, as is another Royal hostess, Lady Howe. The illness of the latter drew forth many warm tokens of sympathy from both their Majesties, who have also been unwearied in their attentions to Mrs. Arthur Paget, one of the few American ladies honoured with Queen Alexandra's personal friendship.



Mr. Roosevelt's New Revolver. There is at least one American who acknowledges that there may come an hour when the most popular President will find a revolver of value to him, and he has given outward and visible proof of his belief, in the form of an unique weapon he has presented to Mr. Roosevelt. That he cannot be said to have been a good citizen, for a period at all events, but adds to the interest of the gift, and, more than probably, to its effectiveness. Baldly, the donor, Allen, has been one of the compulsory occupants of Sing Sing Prison, and it was the method of escape adopted by two fellow-convicts, who held up the Warden with his own revolvers, that suggested to him the idea he afterwards

carried out under the friendly eye of the Superintendent of the gaol—the invention of a "gun" that could only be unlocked for firing by one who knew the secrets of its mechanism. It is this ingenious "persuader"—the work of several years—that Mr. Roosevelt has now added to his private armoury.

"We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth, and we must behave as becomes a people with such responsibilities."

MR. ROOSEVELT ENTERS UPON HIS SECOND TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



"Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half-century are felt in every fibre of our social and political being."

The Author of "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline."

Mrs. Clayton Glyn leapt into fame at a bound with the amusing and daring series of sketches of smart Society, entitled "The Visits of Elizabeth." She has since written two books much in the same vein, and has just published yet a third, entitled "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline." Mrs. Clayton Glyn was one of the three pretty Miss Sutherlands, and Lady Duff-Gordon, the clever woman who, as "Maison Lucile," has built up a most successful dressmaking business in London, is her sister. Like so many modern authoresses, the creator of "Elizabeth" is a many-sided woman; she is a good amateur actress, and figured in Mrs. Arthur Paget's great War entertainment, and she has considerable artistic power. As those familiar with her studies of contemporary life will readily believe, her knowledge of France and of Parisian Society is considerable, and before her marriage to the Essex squire whose name she bears she lived a great deal abroad.



A NAVAL HOSTESS:
LADY ARBUTHNOT.

Photograph by Swaine.

of his sisters were married last year, one to Viscount Ingestre, the eldest son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, the other to Lord Herbert, heir to the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Royal Household.

Lady Gerard. Lady Gerard occupies the pleasant position of mother to one of the most important *partis* in the kingdom, and she always does the honours of young Lord Gerard's various country homes. As Miss Mary Milner, she was known as one of the most brilliant sportswomen in later Victorian Society, and she was for many years among our most fearless lady riders to hounds. At one time, the mother of the young Roman Catholic Peer was one of the most prominent hostesses in the great world; her Royal house-parties were particularly brilliant, and she had much to do with the early organisation of the Primrose League. Since her widowhood, Lady Gerard has devoted herself entirely to her children; and last year her only daughter, Miss Ethel Gerard, became the wife of the multimillionaire, Baron de Forest.



AN ORGANISER OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE:
LADY GERARD.

Photograph by Bassano

A Naval Hostess. Lady Arbuthnot is the wife of a distinguished naval officer, who is also a Scottish Baronet. She is one of the London hostesses who are in close and constant touch with the social world of both Services, and is herself the daughter of a distinguished Scots soldier.

The New Marquess of Anglesey. The late Marquess of Anglesey is succeeded in the title by his cousin, Charles Henry Alexander Paget, the nineteen-year-old son of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget, son of the second Marquess by his marriage with Hester Alice, daughter of the second Viscount Combermere. Two

one o'clock in the morning, or even later, especially in the case of those houses in which four plays of an hour each are given every evening. The Prefect insists on the observance of his edict, and the opposition is headed by the Society of Dramatic Authors.

Maria Pia of Portugal. During her stay at Lisbon, Queen Alexandra will probably be much thrown with one of the most interesting Queens-Dowager of Europe. Maria Pia, the mother of the present King of Portugal, is the only daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, and her marriage, which took place when she was only sixteen, was the last to be celebrated



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING QUEENS-DOWAGER OF EUROPE: MARIA PIA, MOTHER OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

Photograph by Reudinger.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

The Marchioness of Anglesey, who married her cousin, the late Marquess, in January 1898, was Miss Lilian Florence Maud Chetwynd, eldest daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and the Marchioness of Hastings. The marriage was not a happy one, and steps were eventually taken to obtain its dissolution. These, however, were not persisted in, and although the Marchioness had been separated from her husband for some years, she was with him when he died. It is a little curious that her mother, who before her marriage was Lady Florence Paget, should also have married a spendthrift Peer, the notorious Marquess of Hastings, with whom she eloped.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

A Theatre Strike. While here in London Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Seymour Hicks are planning a sort of Actors' Trade Union, the actors in Madrid have actually been on strike. The cause of the dispute is the attempted introduction into Madrid of that grandmotherly legislation which used to annoy Mr. John Hollingshead so much, for the Prefect of Police has ordered the Madrid theatres to close for the future at half-past twelve at night. Authors, actors, and managers all insist on their right, according to the old Spanish custom, to keep the theatres open till

paratively narrow world of Irish Society, while Lady Doreen's experiences as a London political hostess will stand her in excellent stead.

The Kaiser and Sicily. Not content with yachting in the Mediterranean, the Kaiser has decided to have a *pied-à-terre* in Sicily, and has, therefore, rented the Hôtel Cineo at Taormina for the months of March and April. The price he paid for the two months was four thousand pounds, and the guests all had to turn out of the hotel by the end of last month.

in Europe by Procuration—that is, without the actual presence of the bridegroom in the church where the ceremony took place. Although in every way different from her daughter-in-law, the serious and kindly Marie Amélie, the Queen-Dowager is on excellent terms with her successor. They are both exceedingly charitable, but Queen Alexandra's hostess believes in helping people who help themselves, while her mother-in-law has all the Italian prodigality of nature and is adored by the idle beggars of Lisbon.

The Wife of the New Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lady Dorothy (Doreen) Long should receive a very warm welcome in Ireland, for she is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Cork and Orrery and an enthusiastic sportswoman. Two years ago, the new Secretary of State for Ireland and his energetic wife celebrated their Silver Wedding, but a keen love of outdoor life and of every kind of country sport has kept them both young in appearance and in heart. They will each, in their different ways, form a valuable addition to the com-



THE WIFE OF THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND: LADY DOREEN LONG.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

A MUCH-BEJEWELLED MARQUESS AND MUMMER:

THE LATE LORD ANGLESEY IN VARIOUS CHARACTERS.



1. PEKOE, IN "ALADDIN."

2. THE GAIETY THEATRE, ANGLESEY CASTLE.

3. IN "ROYAL" COSTUME.

4. IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

5. IN "VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

6. AS "HENRY V."

7. AS A CONVICT IN "VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

As is generally known, the late Marquess of Anglesey's love of jewels and fine raiment was equalled, if not excelled, by his love for the dramatic and pantomimic arts, and he had built at Anglesey Castle a private theatre, which he called the Gaiety, and in which he was accustomed to produce pantomimes and various other entertainments for the amusement of his servants, tenants, and neighbours. In all of these he appeared himself, and in the pantomimes especially his love of bizarre dress was allowed full scope: the costumes he wore in such productions as "Aladdin," and for his famous "Electra" dance, were literally covered with jewels, most of them real. He also presented, amongst other things, "A Royal Divorce," and only recently he made a tour of the provinces.

Photographs 1, 2, 3, 5, and 7 by J. Wickens, Upper Bangor; 4 and 6 by Esmé Collings.

The Corpulent Cavalryman.

The War Office announces, in a manner remarkable for *naïveté* rather than for preciseness of diction, its momentous—or should one say monumental?—discovery that “during their service with the colours a number of cavalymen so increase in size and weight as to render them unsuitable for mounted service,” and has decided that “the services of these men shall in future, provided they are of good character, be utilised for remount work”—presumably that the budding Falstaffs may get more exercise. Can the interest the military authorities are evincing in Ju-jitsu have its origin in the same fact? Regular bouts with Tarro Myaki, or some other disciple of the curiously-named “soft art,” would surely lessen, if not melt and resolve into a dew, the too, too solid flesh now menacing the existence of the horse. Mr. Arnold-Forster and his colleagues need not despair, however. Why not a new force—the Most Mountainous Militia?

A Future Countess. Viscount Barrington's pretty step-daughter, Miss Cicely Mary Birch, will shortly become the bride of the Hon. James Richard Neville Stopford, the Earl of Courtown's eldest grandson. The bridegroom is one of the group of brilliant young Englishmen who have, more or less, cast in their lot and fortune with South Africa, and he and his young wife will probably

spend part of their early married life in Pretoria. It rarely happens that the marriage of a daughter follows that of a mother at such a short interval; the wedding of Mrs. Arden Birch and Viscount Barrington was one of the most important social events of this January, and the marriage of Miss Birch and Mr. Stopford will be among the smartest of spring weddings.

The Royal Betrothal. No date has yet been fixed with regard to the Royal wedding, but it will almost certainly take place in June, a



A FUTURE COUNTESS: MISS CICELY BIRCH, ENGAGED TO THE HON. J. R. NEVILLE STOPFORD.

Photograph by Thomson.

favourite marriage-month with our Royal Family, and will undoubtedly give added *éclat* to what promises to be a brilliant London Season. Meanwhile, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters seem to be thoroughly enjoying the Continental tour which has had so pleasant an interruption.

“Safe Bind.” A worthy citizen of France, his wife, and the second gentleman have just provided a situation which will certainly be adopted by some writer of farce, either here or on the other side of the Channel. The second gentleman invented a patent safe, and, in due time, showed it to the husband. “Here,” he said, in effect, “you have a room in which you can sit in comfort, and, by means of air-holes, hear what is going on around you, without yourself being seen. It opens both from the inside and from without.” The confiding husband was delighted with the idea, had the invention sent home, and promptly took his place in it. Unfortunately, however, when he wished to get out, he found that the lock was not in working order, and he was left for some three hours in the safe before anybody came to his rescue. When he did get outside, says the *Telegraph*, he found a note on the dining-room table: “MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I have long been wanting to leave you. I hit upon this



WINNER OF A FIRST PRIZE AT PRINCE'S SKATING-RINK RECENTLY: MISS GLADYS RENNIE.

Photograph by Bassano.

kind published since the famous Malmesbury Memoirs, has aroused much interest in the Corps Diplomatique. The wedding will take place soon after Easter, and promises to be as brilliant a function as was that of Miss Fane's elder sister to Mr. Charles R. Wingfield on Shrove Tuesday.

“Brummagem” as Current Coin.

“Who steals my purse steals trash” might very well be said by the explorer in New Guinea; but the loss would be none the less serious, for the trash he carries with him to pay his way is more to him than gold. The curious baubles and rags figured on the next page are a vital part of the equipment of Mr. A. E. Pratt, the New Guinea traveller, who is now on his way Eastward to conduct a two years' scientific

stratagem. Do not bear me any ill-will. I am off to America.—(Signed) GABRIELLE.” Needless to say, the inventor disappeared at the same time.

Mr. Lloyd-George Joins the Reform Club.

The announcement that Mr. Lloyd-George has joined the Reform Club has caused a flutter amongst Radicals. Hitherto the clever Welshman has been a shining light at the National Liberal Club, and some of its members are afraid that they may not see him so often in future. On the other hand, several old members of the Reform spend a great deal of time at the more Radical institution. Mr. Lloyd-George is, perhaps, preparing for the time when he must show more aloofness than at present. His friends are certain—if he is not certain himself—that he will be in the next Liberal Cabinet.

An Engagement in the Diplomatic World.

The betrothal of Miss Ethel Fane, a daughter of the late British Minister at Copenhagen, and Mr. Rumbold, whose father is one of the most popular diplomats living and the writer of *Reminiscences* generally accepted as the best volumes of the



AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE DIPLOMATIC WORLD: MISS ETHEL FANE, TO MARRY MR. H. M. RUMBOLD.

Photograph by Thomson.

expedition in unexplored Papua. The beads, the chains, the gaudy rings with colossal bogus diamonds, which will be his money and will charm the cannibal natives into yielding him willing service, are the merest “Brummagem”: “penny lines” is their trade description, but to the simple Papuan aborigines they represent wealth untold. A ring with a stone an inch and a half in diameter will produce two days' work, a bunch of glass charms on chains would be willingly toiled for through a whole month. Papuan belles would give their eyes for a penny bangle of sham enamel-work. The print handkerchief is coveted for personal adornment, and is prized accordingly. But most valuable of all are the dogs' teeth. A Papuan will carry heavy baggage contentedly for a month or two if only he can earn a fine set of these. Knives and tobacco are also among his current coin.

Mr. Pratt and his son returned last year from a two years' sojourn in British New Guinea, during which he penetrated the unexplored fastnesses of the Owen Stanley Range. He now intends to pursue his entomological and ornithological researches in Dutch New Guinea, particularly in the Charles Louis Range, also unexplored territory. During his last journey he had many interesting experiences of life among cannibals, and these,

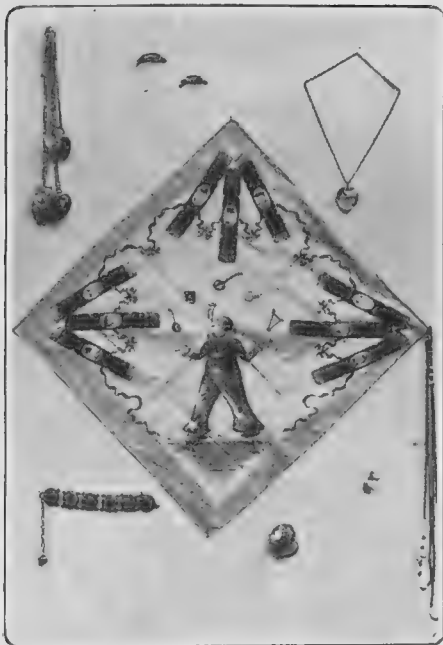


Prince Gustavus Adolphus. Princess Margaret. Princess Patricia.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCESS PATRICIA, PRINCESS MARGARET, AND PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY IN EGYPT.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters are now on their way home, and they are accompanied by Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Norway, whose betrothal to Princess Margaret was recently announced.

Photograph by Dittrich, Cairo.



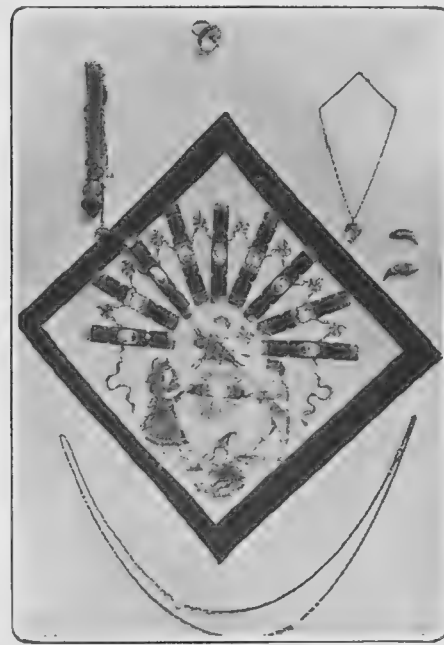
"BRUMMAGEM" AS CURRENT COIN:
PELF FOR THE PAPUANS.

Examples of the "money" with which Mr. A. E. Pratt will pay his way in New Guinea.

which were recently outlined in the *Illustrated London News*, will shortly be fully recounted in book-form. One of the most remarkable things about his journey is that he and his son had with them no other white man. They trusted themselves entirely to their Papuan followers, and had no reason to regret this draft on the bank of savage fidelity. On the present journey Mr. Pratt takes with him two of his sons. The eldest has interrupted his scientific studies at Cambridge to accompany his father.

The Editor of "Vanity Fair." Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson was bred in Devonshire, and, under the influence of Dartmoor air, developed a stature of six feet three

inches, and a weight of over fourteen stone when in training. He played in the Cambridge football fifteen for three years, rowed for his College for the same period, was tried in the 'Varsity eight, and won a cap at Henley. He was, moreover, a scholar of his College, and took two high Honour degrees in history and law. The journalistic instinct showed early in him, and for a year he edited the University humorous paper, the *Granta*, of which Mr. R. C. Lehmann was proprietor, and to which Barry Pain, Owen Seaman, Carr Bosanquet, and A. C. Deane were regular contributors. Coming to London, he was called to the Bar, but never practised. He spent a year abroad visiting the capitals of Europe, and shortly afterwards went out to South Africa as the chief of the *Daily Express* Correspondents. On his return home he became Editor of that paper, and he held the post for three and a-half years. He still writes in its pages, though he has now migrated to the Editor's



"BRUMMAGEM" AS CURRENT COIN:
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Examples of the "money" with which Mr. A. E. Pratt will pay his way in New Guinea.

chair of *Vanity Fair*. He is a member of many Clubs—the Reform, Union, Authors', Leander, and Almack's being amongst them. He has abandoned more strenuous athleticism for golf and the collection of china and old prints. His first book on Rugby football ran through many editions, and since then he has produced a number of short stories which have a greater popularity in America than in England. A sensational serial of his, which appeared in the *Windsor Magazine*, "The Trail of the Dead," was translated into four languages. He also assisted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the production of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," the scene of which lies near to Mr. Fletcher Robinson's Devonshire home.



"BRUMMAGEM" AS CURRENT COIN:
PELF FOR THE PAPUANS.

Examples of the "money" with which Mr. A. E. Pratt will pay his way in New Guinea.

Dogs' teeth, such as those shown above the bracelet in this photograph, are much esteemed by the Papuan, and a set will purchase a month or two's work.



THE EDITOR OF "VANITY FAIR": MR. B. FLETCHER ROBINSON DIRECTING HIS "WEEKLY SHOW OF POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND LITERARY WARES."

Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who became Editor of "Vanity Fair" after a spell as Editor of the "Daily Express," adds the writing of fiction to his journalistic work, and a number of his short stories have attained considerable popularity in America. He assisted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the production of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and a new book of his will be published by Messrs. Harpers this spring.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IF small boys read morning papers, there is every chance of a great increase in the immediate consumption of cheap cigarettes, for I see that a Bill to prohibit the sale of tobacco to juveniles is on the tapis. Should the Bill become law, sixteen will become the age of smoke, and tradesmen supplying tobacco to infants will be fined for the first two offences and deprived of licence to sell tobacco if they offend a third time. The Physical Deterioration Committee is in part responsible for the attempt to coerce the small boy, and Dr. Macnamara is introducing the Bill, which is strongly backed. Before such a measure as this can squeeze itself into the Statute Book, through the mass of other seekers for place there, small boys should have plenty of time to impair their constitutions and stunt their growth unchecked by any legislation save such as is enacted and enforced by parents and guardians *proprio motu*. Indeed, if the pace of law-making does not mend, most of the juvenile smokers one sees to-day will have passed beyond the control of the measure when it does come into force.

Friends of the Post Office must be hoping that the Gaelic controversy will not end in favour of the distressful country. Why the hated Saxon's language should not suffice for the addressing of letters and parcels, no sane man can hope to understand. Inside the envelopes and postal packets a patriot can pack as much Gaelic as he cares to write; and nobody save the recipient of the letter is likely to complain. The rapid despatch of letters and packets is the first aim of a well-organised Post Office, and it is hopeless to expect that rapidity will be compatible with the task of translating Gaelic for the benefit of the very small section of the public that admires the language.

Danger Ahead. If the Post Office yields, we shall see Mr. Lloyd-George travelling post-haste to gallant little Wales to institute another branch of revolt against the Post Office. In the East-End of London, where brave attempts are being made to restore Hebrew to the ranks of living languages, some of the younger generation, endowed with revolutionary tendencies from the Continent, will surely demand the measure of liberty accorded to Ireland and Wales; and, in the end, the Post Office will be face to face with the alternative of giving up business or ceasing to exist as a paying concern. It is a pity that Gaelic cannot be handed over to Fiona Macleod and Mr. W. B. Yeats, with instructions to do the best they can with it in their own interests, but on no account to give it away.

Flowers that Bloom in the Spring. Of all the fresh growths of the coming year, commend me to the Thames steamboats. Once again, after long delays, the authorities have consented to realise that London, the greatest city of the world, stands on either bank of a considerable river, and that the many thousands of London's citizens would be glad to be allowed to use it. It is

undeniable that nine out of ten Londoners have forgotten what the river is like between Hammersmith and Greenwich, or, at best, only remember that it is very muddy. And yet London looks at its best from the river, as many an artist has pointed out to us; better, I think, than Paris looks from the Seine, or Rome from the Tiber, or Lisbon from the Tagus. In these cities you cannot get the intimate impression, or the sense of commercial splendour that the Thames yields. I intend to begin to save money, that I may enjoy an occasional pennyworth of fine view, comparatively fresh air, and modest adventure, between the East and West of the Metropolis when summer comes along.

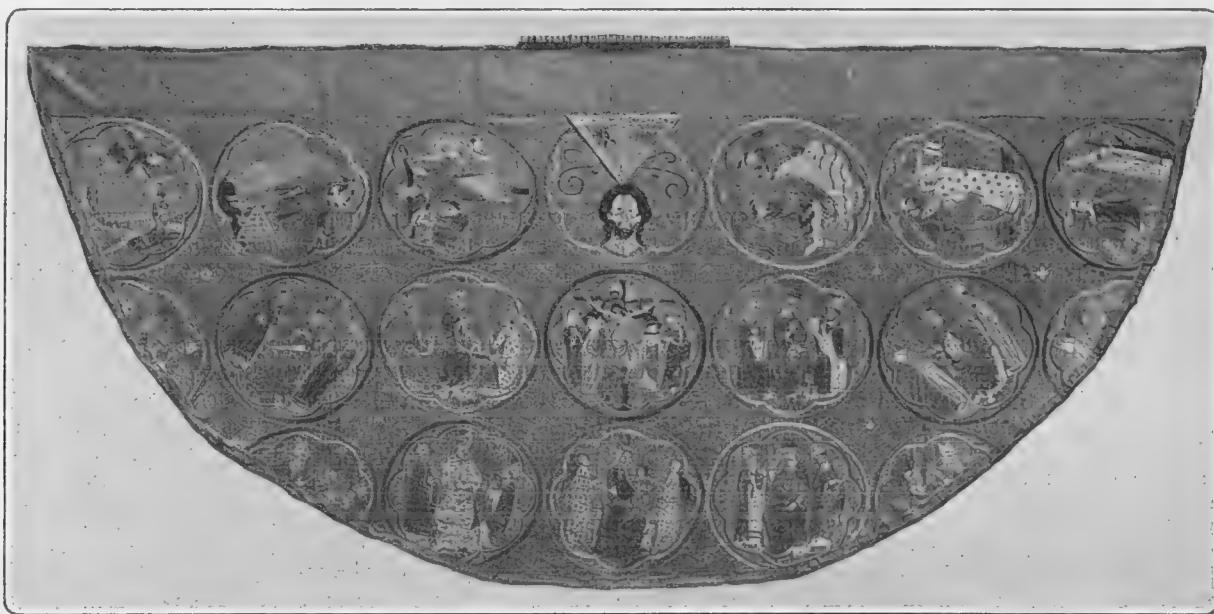
East and West. As Japan is likely to enter yet more intimately into the life of this country, and as Eastern matters concern us to-day, in the interest of the Empire, more than they have ever done before, it is not surprising to learn that a society is being organised by certain students and lovers of Eastern thought

and culture to explain, to all who are interested, the nature of the debt that Europe owes to Asia. Most really cultured people are well aware that such a debt exists; but there are many sane men and women who believe that Asia is waiting for Europe to come forward and civilise it. A society that will be able to correct such erroneous impressions, without aspiring to regions that plain people cannot explore, can do much useful work, and its founders are receiving

promises of valuable support. Of course, we are rather late in setting out upon the great mission. Had the task been essayed a few years ago, with a branch in St. Petersburg and another in Berlin, history might have taken another direction in the immediate past. But there is scope for great activity even to-day, and Eastern culture is one of the most fascinating of all subjects.

Paying Up Promptly.

Now that the excitement has died down and the incident is closed, it is permissible to remark that Russia's settlement of the North Sea blunder was both prompt and honourable. It is quite clear to all of us that, had the damage been done under other circumstances, the bill would not have been so heavy, and that, so far as loss of life and limb can be compensated, the compensation has been a very liberal one. The verdict of the Paris Commission calls upon us to regard the affair in the light of a regrettable accident, and we are all inclined to believe that there was no deliberate attempt to murder unarmed and inoffensive men. If the gentlemen whose lurid reports of coming danger set the Baltic Fleet's nerves on edge could be found and hanged, all would be well; but, failing that desirable end, we have reason to be satisfied with the Russian acceptance of proper responsibility, and are called upon to acknowledge a settlement that was the more praiseworthy because even sixty-five thousand pounds is a matter of moment to the Russian Treasury just now.



MR. PIERPONT MORGAN AS AN INNOCENT RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS: THE FAMOUS ASCOLI COPE, PURCHASED BY THE AMERICAN FINANCIER, AND JUST RETURNED TO THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

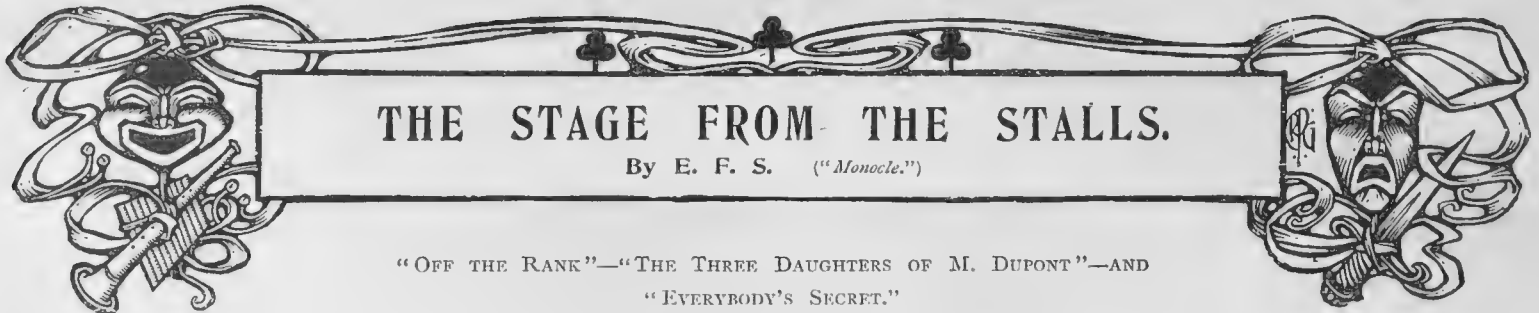
It will be remembered that the famous cope of Nicholas IV. was stolen from Ascoli Cathedral, and discovered after many days in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection in the South Kensington Museum. Needless to say, the famous American financier purchased it in all innocence, and readily agreed to hand it back to its owners when the true facts of the case were pointed out to him. The transfer was made a fortnight ago to one of the Secretaries of the Italian Embassy, who has just taken the vestment to Italy. It has been remarked that it is curious that the cope should have been handed to the Government rather than to the Church, in view of the difficult relations always existing between the two authorities; but it is understood that the State will, in due course, hand it over to its more legitimate owners. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has not been without reward for his generosity, for a special gold-medal has been struck to commemorate the event and has been presented to the great financier, together with the Order of St. Maurice, conferred on him by the King of Italy.

"NEATH AN APPLE-TREE LADEN."



MISS KITTY GORDON AS AGATHA (MME. COQUENARD) IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.

Photographs by Bassano.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"OFF THE RANK"—"THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF M. DUPONT"—AND
"EVERYBODY'S SECRET."

THE play written round Mr. Willie Edouin and produced at the Strand is an artless kind of unimportant piece. When it is known that the task of a playwright is to give to a popular low-comedian an opportunity of appearing in several different characters in one farce, no one supposes that he can or that he will produce a reasonably consistent play. Of course, Mr. Edouin, as a cabman—and he resembles none of the thousand I have met—as an inventor apparently escaped from a lunatic asylum, as a plumber, and as a female milliner, causes plenty of laughter. He has reached the enviable position of being recognised as a funny man, wherefore there are plenty of people who will laugh at everything he says or does upon the stage. In the present case, his most entertaining business is delayed—and rather too long delayed—till the last Act, in which he presents Madame Revers very drolly, and trims a wonderful hat in an irresistibly comic fashion. It may be no exaggeration to say that this business repays a visit to the house: it will be wise to give it earlier in the evening. As to the subject of the play, there is no need to write much. The idea of a young officer on his very wedding-eve going out on a big final "spree," picking up a cabman as comrade of his debauch, and getting so drunk that next day he does not remember any details of his disgraceful escapade, is rather ancient and decidedly displeasing: probably in real life his pretty *fiancée* would have been wise enough to cashier him. Her part was cleverly presented by Miss Nora Lancaster.

The change from M. Brieux's play, given by the Stage Society, to "Everybody's Secret," presented at the Haymarket, was rather



ONE OF "THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF M. DUPONT":
MISS ETHEL IRVING,

THE JULIE OF THE STAGE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF M. BRIEUX'S PLAY.

The production of M. Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" gave Miss Ethel Irving, who played the youngest of the daughters, opportunity for a decided success. Our photograph shows Miss Irving in "The Way of the World," in which she also made a great "hit."

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

staggering. After, with some difficulty, getting the former into focus, it was hard to take a proper view of the latter. If in play-writing one ought to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number, the

adaptation by Messrs. Marshall and Parker is more valuable than the work which Mr. St. John Hankin has translated admirably. The drama by Brieux is stern, painful, hopeless, and contains a vigorous appeal to the intellect. "Le Secret de Polichinelle," in its new garb, is a kind of prattling piece, within the comprehension of the humblest, and it evoked a tremendous interest in "kiddies" on the part of the public. Indeed, it is certain that those who do not admire the humours of Mickey will be denounced as churls, curmudgeons, callous critics, and accused of having no heart or natural instincts, and the like—an accusation which, after all, can be endured very patiently. If I were in the entertainment world, instead of being a mere pestilential outsider, I should write a sketch for a music-hall, exhibiting in quite a serious way a fond mother bathing her child and putting it to bed: it would draw superbly. Why the authors omitted to show us young Master Parkes undergoing these domestic operations I do not know, and to have abstained from presenting him in his little "nighty," saying his prayers, was a noble sacrifice by them to dramatic art. Still, one has a complaint. If we are to have this nursery drama, such deplorable matters as the fact that Mr. Parkes only married Mrs. P. in order to "make an honest woman of her" might be left out of the affair: the introduction of it caused me for a while to imagine that something dramatic was going to be presented. Of course, putting this aside, everything was agreeable and amiable, and the play is entitled to all the polite epithets applied to themselves by the popular advertising cocoas. Moreover, in little Miss Hawkins we had an amazingly clever infant phenomenon. Mr. Cyril Maude played his part of the elderly Sir Michael delightfully, and Miss Jessie Bateman was so charming as to explain the way in which young Mrs. Parkes overcame everybody. I wonder if there are many more young ladies in Regent Street flower-shops who talk so prettily. Visitors to the Haymarket—and surely they will be numerous—ought not to miss the first piece, which is "A Case of Arson," the work where a talented Dutch actor, M. de Vries, presents half-a-dozen characters with such extraordinary skill that one overlooks the illegitimacy of the matter.

"The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" is one of the most powerful tragic works presented for a long while—tragic, though in form a comedy, since life under many circumstances is preferable to death. We may comfort ourselves with the thought that it passes in France, where the *mariage de convenance* is recognised, not in our own poetic land, where it often happens but we pretend to ignore it. No doubt, it discusses some embarrassing questions of sex, and in one passage, perhaps, with needless candour, though there is an obvious earnestness which serves as an excuse and almost justification. Of course, we are not accustomed to plays dealing ruthlessly with difficult aspects of real life, and therefore are very sensitive. With remarkable skill the grimly comic is combined with the tragic, and there was abundance of hearty laughter during the manoeuvres of the parents of Julie and Antonin to swindle one another over the marriage settlements, and it was the keener for the fact that we knew that each was being deceived. Mr. O. B. Clarence's acting as M. Dupont, the girl's father, was a brilliant piece of true comedy. Miss Ethel Irving startled the house by her display of passion and grief in the part of Julie. Miss Gertrude Burnett, Miss Italia Conti, and Mr. C. V. France, by admirable performances, maintained the high traditions of the Stage Society in the matter of acting.



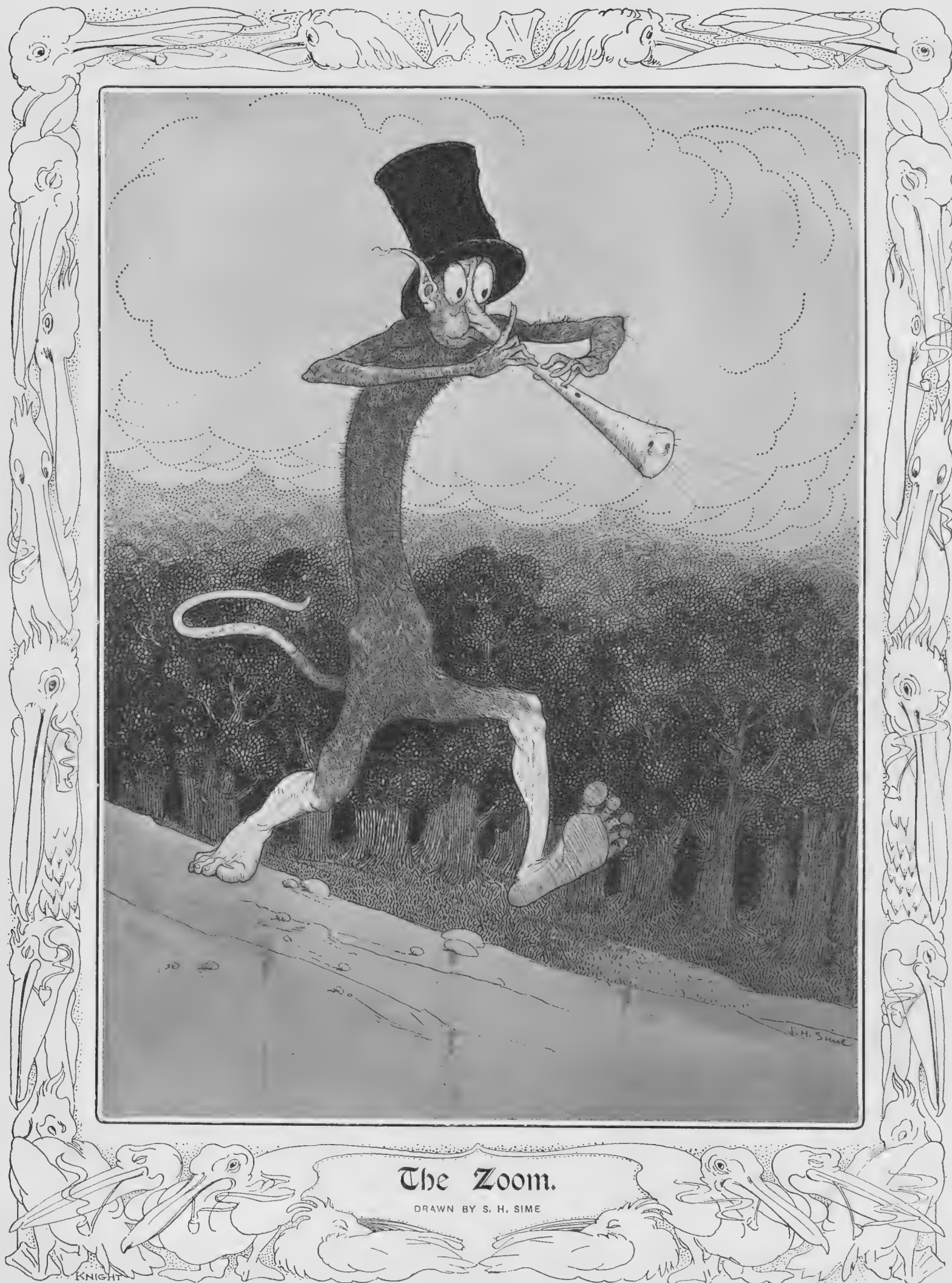
A NEW PLAYWRIGHT: MR. ROLAND
BOTTOMLEY,

WHOSE NEW FARCICAL COMEDY, "THE
IMPERTINENCE OF NANCY,"
WAS PRODUCED AT ST. LEONARDS RECENTLY.

Mr. Roland Bottomley, the brother of the clever Robert Bottomley who made such a "hit" in "One Summer's Day," and who has recently been playing in "Beauty and the Barge," made his first appearance on the stage in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Olivia." In addition to his new farcical comedy, he is the author of a one-Act play, "A Quiet Evening."

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—XII



CURTAINS CARICATURED: I.—MUSICAL COMEDY.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST

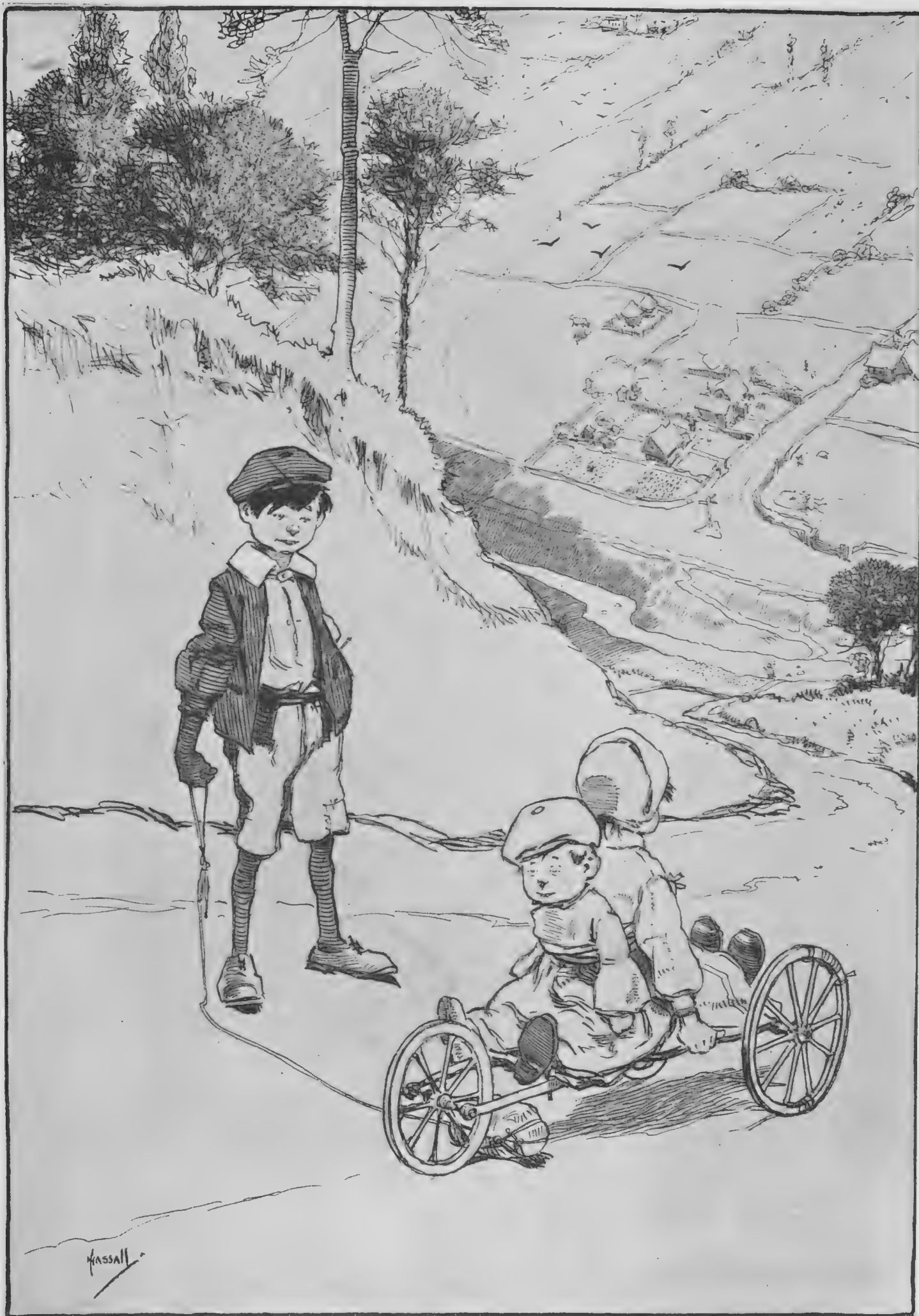


Alleged Midshipman. Captain of Horse-Marines. The Emperor and Empress of Panama. The Usual Lunatic (nationality varied). Silas J. Popper, Millionaire, and Daughters (Seven in Number).
Principal Panama Person. Princess Goo-Goo (with voice).
Collection of Minor Panama Persons, Chrysanthemums, Lanterns, and other etceteras.

"THE PET OF PANAMA."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

LEFT IN CHARGE!



"Now, when I pull the stone away from the back, you'll go down the 'ill, an' I don't want yer to get out nor nothin' till 'yer gets to the bottom, when little Willie 'll stop yer at the stepping-stones."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

MISS RUTH VINCENT'S SISTER, AND "MRS. PONJAB."



MISS MADGE VINCENT, WHO IS APPEARING IN "VÉRONIQUE." MISS VIOLET LORRAINE, CYNTHIA PONJAB IN "OFF THE RANK."

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.

MRS. HENRY CAVENDISH.

SOME NEW PORTRAITS.



"MISS ISABEL JAY."

Considerable interest has been aroused as to when and where Miss Isabel Jay will make her next appearance, as she has not yet decided which of the several offers made to her she will accept, subject, of course, to the consent of Mr. George Edwardes. She will not appear in "Les P'tites Michus," the next production at Daly's, which contains no part suitable to her.

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE reanimation of the weekly reviews continues, and is one of the most agreeable and hopeful features in present-day journalism. The place of honour must be given to the *Academy*, which has now been published regularly, in spite of innumerable difficulties, for more than thirty years. It reached its highest mark when it became a weekly journal under the care of its frail but indomitable founder, Dr. Appleton. Mr. J. S. Cotton, however, did much to maintain its tone, and it never lacked scholarly and moderate criticism. Of late, under Mr. Lewis Hind and Mr. Teignmouth Shore, it has been more popular in character, though always with a large element of scholarly work. It has now been taken in hand by Mr. Hudson, Sir George Newnes, and Mr. Anderson Graham, who will, doubtless, greatly strengthen its position. The wrapper has been dispensed with, and only two or three signed reviews are included. The type and paper are excellent.

Credit is also to be given to the *Outlook*, now a more business-like and serious organ of political and literary opinion. It had the sympathy of Mr. Henley when it started, and so it, very naturally, publishes some reminiscences of that editor and his journal, the *Scots Observer*. We are told that Mr. Henley would reduce a two-column review to two lines, and alter articles so completely that their nominal authors failed to recognise their own work. The labour involved was enormous, and the irritation caused excessive, but Henley did not shrink from it. Henley had "the most sincere, open, frank admiration of his own achievement." An American publisher had put forth in a tiny volume a poem of Tennyson, a poem of Browning, and a poem of Henley. "You are in good company," said a friend to Henley. "They are," was the instant and sure reply.

A pathological study of Edgar Poe has been published in Paris. It is from the pen of M. Emile Lauvrière. Poe was from the first a physical degenerate. The son of a consumptive mother, and a father who was intemperate as well as consumptive, he had small chance of coming into the world a sound and healthy man. He was also atrociously brought up, sent to absurd schools, and trained to extravagant habits. It is little wonder that he could not conquer his hereditary predisposition towards alcoholism and towards melancholy. He had long periods, however, of complete sobriety, and was cruelly treated by his biographer, Griswold. Whether his peculiar contribution to literature could have been made if he had been a prosperous and respectable citizen of the United States is a question not easily to be answered.

Of Lady Caroline Lamb, the original of Lady Kitty in Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," Bulwer-Lytton wrote: "Lady Caroline had to a surpassing degree the attribute of charm, and never failed to please if she chose to do so. Her powers of conversation were remarkable. In one of Byron's letters which she showed to me, he said, 'You are the only woman I know who has never bored me.' On one occasion, Lady Caroline sent her page the round of her guests at three o'clock in the morning, with a message that she was playing the organ that stood on the staircase at Brompton, and begged the favour of their company to hear her. Strange to say, it was a summons generally obeyed, and those who obeyed did not regret the loss of their sleep, for, when the audience had

assembled, she soon relinquished the solemn keys of the organ, and her talk would be so brilliant and amusing that the dawn found one still listening spellbound, without a thought of bed." Byron said of her—"She played the devil, and then wrote a novel." A little later, in a manuscript poem widely circulated, he wrote of her as "false to him, a fiend to me." It was in consequence of this last attack that Lady Caroline, in a fit of bitter resentment, burnt manuscripts of the poet's letter and a copy of the miniature he had given her, while white-robed maidens danced around the pyre, solemnly chanting verses composed for the occasion by the lady herself.

The volume, "William Bodham Donne and his Friends," published by Messrs. Methuen under the editorship of Mrs. Johnson, Donne's grand-daughter, will greatly interest the readers of Edward

FitzGerald. We have more of the delightful FitzGerald letters, from which a series of characterisations may be quoted: "The Prime Minister's 'Sybil' I found heavy, and—strange thing for him—ditto Lord Lytton; so I fastened on 'Bleak House' and thanked God for it and Dickens! Then I bought at the railway-stall 'Elsie Venner,' by O. W. Holmes; very well worth reading, absurd as the motive is, and disproportionate as the narrative. Holmes is, I think, a man of genius. I believe I never could read Hawthorne's stories. St. Beuve has given me a desire to try 'Gil Blas' once again, which I never could get on with: an odd thing to myself. This time I will begin in the middle and so back if I get to the end." Donne, who was a country gentleman of literary tastes, and for some time Examiner of Plays, died in 1882. He was intelligent and friendly, though not exceptionally gifted. He had a keen sense of humour, and this comes out in his letters. He tells the story of a certain Dr. H., who, at an advanced age, married a new wife. Her gossips were condoling with her after the marriage on the long, dull evenings she must spend with her old man. She said, "Oh, they are not dull at all; we play at crocodile." "Crocodile, my dear. What's that?" "Why, after dinner, Dr. H. goes on all-fours round and round the room, and I ride on his back." Then there is the story of the game-keeper who repented of his marriage: "It is very strange how fond I was of that woman; I could have eat her"—adding, after a pause, "and I wish to God I had." Donne discovered in his great-aunt's diary this quaint entry: "1754. Aug 7. Nearly choked by a piece of veal—such are thy mercies, Lord, to me, a sinner."

Should booksellers recommend books to their readers? Some booksellers take the view that it is very unwise to do so. Suppose a bookseller recommends an encyclopædia to a customer. He buys it, takes it home, and shows it to a friend who has another cyclopædia. The customer is convinced by his friend that he has been persuaded to buy an inferior work, and comes to the conclusion that the bookseller has misled him, and, perhaps, swindled him. Again, a novel cannot safely be recommended unless by a bookseller who knows the taste of his customer particularly well. It is legitimate and advisable that a bookseller should tell his customers facts about books and their sale, but he should let the author and publisher do the business of recommending. All this is plausible, and yet I think that a judicious bookseller may recommend very safely and will increase his trade by doing so. O. O.



SIGNS OF SPRING IN SUBURBIA.

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

HIS WAY OF TAKING IT.—By LAWSON WOOD.



THE STOUT ARTIST (*complacently*): I had a splendid compliment paid to my picture in the "R. A."

THE THIN ARTIST (*mildly curious*): Oh?

THE STOUT ARTIST: Yes. A man and his wife were looking at my "Storm at Sea," and she said, "Come away, my dear; that picture makes me feel quite ill."

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.

I.—THE POT-BOILER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

ALGY'S MAMMA.

By ROY HORNIMAN.



THE apparition that met Algy's eyes as he opened them was so unusual that he gave a shrill squeak. His mother, or something very like her, dressed for travelling, was standing at the foot of his bed.

"Algy, get up and put on your things at once. You must come with me to Paris."

"To Paris? Whatever for?" He spoke in a high-pitched, querulous voice which if heard for more than five minutes at a time was a nerve-destroying instrument.

He was awake now, and had taken in the astounding fact that his mother, who would, in the natural course of things, still be an hour and a half from her morning cup of chocolate, was pacing up and down his room distractedly. Suddenly his face lighted.

"Mamma! Is Auntie dead?"

"No."

"Well, what on earth can be the matter?"

All the arrangements, past, present, and future, of Algy's life revolved round the day on which his wealthy aunt should quit this sphere for ever.

"Félix absolutely refuses to send my gown for the wedding."

"Wear another."

"Impossible! I haven't a rag. Besides, the idea of turning up at the smartest wedding of the Season without a new frock is simply absurd."

"Well, don't go."

"The mere idea of not going to the smartest wedding of the Season when you've been asked is ridiculous."

"Do you owe Félix so much?"

"Oh, don't ask! It is most heartless of him. I haven't paid his bill for ages, and that ought to show him how hard-up I am. Have you any money, Algy?"

The corners of Algy's mouth went down.

"No, Mamma, I haven't." There was a certain heroic firmness about his reply, as if he had concentrated all the energy of his anæmic nature into it. He was conscious of a five-pound note on the dressing-table, and was wondering how he could leap from the bed and seize it before his mother's eagle eye fell upon it. He was too late.

"Why, Algy, here's a five-pound note! And I'm so hard-up!" The little, pearl-embroidered purse closed with a click. Algy knew, from experience, that any further argument on the subject was useless.

"Now, Algy, don't be long. I've got a cab at the door. I'm taking no luggage."

"No luggage!" Algy smiled. He had no need to get out of bed and look at the cab.

"You can be quite ready in a quarter of an hour."

"Impossible. I'm lunching at the Carlton."

"Algy, don't be so unkind! Get up at once."

"No."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to allow me to go to Paris alone!"

"You have your maid."

"I want you to see Félix and say that my bill will be all right."

"Thank you—I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Algy, how can you—after the sacrifices I have made for you!"

Algy sat bolt upright. He was not given to temper, but when his mother talked like this—she who had never sacrificed even a bottle of hair-dye for him—he got as near fury as possible.

She would have wept, but even at this hour of the morning the condition of her eyelashes rendered it undesirable, if not impossible.

"I don't know where you get your hard heart from, Algy. It's not from me."

"No, Mamma. I won't do it. You'll make me pay my own fare, and probably my own hotel-bill. Oh, it's no use your saying you won't, because, when the time comes, you will."

"Algy, get up at once! I insist!" When dress was the subject in hand, Algy knew that his mother could be heroic, so, prepared for any emergency, he wound the bed-clothes tightly round him—his

swathed form making him look like a particularly small mummy from the British Museum.

His mother looked at her watch.

"I've only twenty-five minutes to get to Charing Cross and take my ticket."

"Well, if I were you, I should be quick, Mamma."

"Oh, if you were only a little boy again, I would—"

She swept from the room.

Algy knew that she would—if he had only been a little boy. He could, even after the lapse of years, feel the tingling that his mother's admonitions left with him.

Algy, unable to go to sleep again, rang for his chocolate and began to read his letters.

The first was from the aunt already alluded to, and read—

Brammock, Perthshire.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I am both sorry and glad that you are working so hard—sorry for the sake of your health, glad and proud that you have such noble ambitions. As you say, 7.30 is an early hour at which to rise, but you will have your reward. As you sow, so shall you reap. Your mother writes me that she is having a very dull time in the country, and would so much like to see something of the Season. I have sent her £100—[Here Algy gave an indignant snort.]—so, perhaps, if she is economical, she will, at any rate, be able to go up to town and do the Academy and the Opera. She writes that she fancies she will stay at Claridge's, as it is cheap. It is over forty years since I was in London, so, of course, I cannot advise her. I hope you wear the plaid I sent you and the woollen gloves. They will keep you warm. Give my love to your mother—she tells me she is getting a little grey.—[Algy chuckled. His mother's head, with its masses of artificial Titian, had been like a bonfire in the room.]—Of course, you will both come to see me in September.

Algy was always a little touched by these old-fashioned epistles, and, remembering that the writer had six thousand a year, which he trusted would be his, a pang of terror shot through him at the mere possibility of her discovering his real mode of life. His was not a grand face at any time, and when it blanched at these unpleasant reflections it looked like a gnome's, so positively uncanny was it. Supposing she were to arrive unexpectedly! On the dressing-table lay a perfect multitude of trifles that bespoke a luxurious life. The faded Malmaison carnation, the white gloves, the pearl solitaire and pearl-studded links were not the natural attributes of a young man, with a small allowance, reading hard for the Bar. On the point of his allowance his aunt had been adamant. Too much money was bad for young men. Even his mother managed to get more money from his aunt than he did; but that did Algy very little good, for if his mother's income had been four times as large as it was he would still not have been a penny the richer. Her extravagance was only conditioned by the limit of her credit, and, although she would strongly have resented any imputation of dishonesty, she regarded her normal income as only a vantage-ground from which to conduct operations. Her son knew her to be quite capable of attempting to oust him from his aunt's will but for the fact that they were mutually nervous of one another.

Twice a year they went down to visit her, his mother trying to look as unworldly as possible in plain coats and skirts, and Algy in a simple blue serge with a blue tie. Their stay at Brammock was a comedy, protracted for as short a time as possible, over which in the privacy of their own apartments—where his mother smoked a cigarette while she toasted her toes—they giggled rather than laughed, as is the way of small natures. The conversation during meals was distinctly hypocritical—

"Well, Algy, what have you been doing in town?"

"Nothing, Mamma. I have been reading a good deal."

"Have you been to any theatres?"

"Only to His Majesty's to see 'Much Ado.'" (He had been at His Majesty's once in his life, and then, not being an enthusiastic Shaksperian, he fell asleep.) "I go to see the McGuckins on Sundays." The McGuckins were Scotch friends of his aunt's, living at Surbiton.

"Have you been very dull, Mamma?"

Mrs. Vandeleur's face assumed the expression of a martyr.

"No, Algy. Thank goodness, I am not one of those people who must be always enjoying themselves. I have plenty of interests, and I have got so accustomed to not being in town for the Season that I hardly miss it."

And so these two worthies would play battledore and shuttlecock, while the old lady congratulated herself on possessing so commendable a couple of relatives.

Later in the day, Algy dressed and strolled down to the Carlton, to

lunch with a friend and two ladies of the stage who were more interested in getting amusement out of life than in seeking advancement in their profession. So long as they were nightly permitted to hold what is known as "footlight places," whence a good view of Algy and his like could be obtained, they were satisfied. The friend paid for the lunch—Algy's friends usually did. He thought no more of his mother till that evening, when he found a telegram waiting for him at his rooms—

Félix refuses. Try what you can do.—VANDELEUR.

"Poor Mamma!" murmured Algy. "She must have driven to Félix straight from the station. Of course, if they saw her after a long journey, she wouldn't look much of an advertisement for their frocks. Mamma travels so badly." As for trying to see what he could do, the request was simply silly.

In the course of the next afternoon he received the following—

Have persuaded Félix. Meet me Charing Cross five-fifty.—VANDELEUR.

Algy was not hard-hearted, and, besides, felt a little proud of his mother's triumph; so, having nothing else to do, he went to meet her.

It had been a rough passage, and Mrs. Vandeleur's complexion was like an artist's palette.

"Thank heavens, Algy, it's all right! There it is. I told Collins not to let it out of her sight." Collins, with the dress-box in her hand, was swaying dizzily, not quite realising that she was safe on land again.

Later in the year, Algy made an appalling discovery. His aunt informed him that, with the exception of a legacy equal in amount to his present allowance, she had left the bulk of her money to his mother. "I quite agree with your mother that no man should be trusted with large sums of money till he is thirty years of age. She is devoted to you, so it will all come to you at her death."

Luckily Algy did not lose his head, but smiled, feeling as though his lips were moving on iron hinges. It confirmed what he had for some time suspected, that his Mamma was not playing fair.

The next few months his insignificant face grew puckered with thought. The family doctor conveyed to him the terrifying intelligence that his aunt's health was failing rapidly. Something would have to be done.

His attentions to his mother became quite touching, and she was able to say to her friends: "Dear Algy, now he is old enough to realise what I have suffered for him, is becoming devoted to me."

She was contemplating a second marriage with a member of a noble Austrian family.

Mrs. Vandeleur had grown a little nervous of late. Invitations to the best houses both in town and country were becoming somewhat scarce. To put it mildly, she had the reputation of submitting to admiration with docility. Socially she was ailing, and dissolution might set in. Such a marriage would remove any possibility of ostracism and enable her to patronise those who had begun to forget her existence. It would be all the better for her if she were to become possessed of a comfortable income of her own—in fact, she had, with well-bred tact and delicacy, conveyed to Count Svinski, whom she proposed to make happy with her hand, that such a fortune was almost certain to be hers when the old lady at Brammock died. Algy had been kept studiously in the background, and the Count was quite under the impression that he was a boy at school, the only photograph he had seen being one taken while Algy was at Eton, which Mrs. Vandeleur had placed prominently on an occasional-table.

Algy was living in a state of high nervous excitement as to whether his aunt might not die before he could take any action to safeguard his interests, when he received, one morning, a note from his mother, asking him to lunch.

"Count out of town," he murmured.

It was an understood thing that he should not call when there was a possibility of his meeting his mother's suitor.

He dressed leisurely and took a hansom to Curzon Street. His mother was seated at the daintiest Louis Seize writing-table. She looked very charming, and some years younger than Algy, who had had a late night.

She was dressed in an exquisite confection of white silk and lace, loose but shapely, with pink "La France" roses at her waist.

"What am I asked to lunch for, Mamma?"

"Lady Algernon Blount is coming, after having cut me three times in the Park."

"I suppose she has heard that you have Svinski in tow," said Algy, respectfully.

"Don't be low, Algy—although, I dare say, it's true. Diplomacy is the one thing that Lady Algernon reverences. Svinski may get Paris."

The luncheon was quite a success, and Mrs. Vandeleur succeeded in conveying to Lady Algernon that the only thing that remained with regard to her engagement to the Count was its public announcement.

As Algy was saying good-bye to his mother, after having seen Lady Algernon to her carriage, Mrs. Vandeleur said—

"Oh, Algy, do you mind dropping these two letters into the box? Don't forget—they are most important. I shall be at home to you, dear, any day up till Monday—not after. Once the engagement is announced, you will have to meet the Count. I suppose, when you do meet him, you couldn't come in Etons?"

"I will if you like, Mamma; anything to oblige."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, Algy. You're very thin. Good-bye, dear. Algy, you don't happen to have any change?"

"No, Mamma, I haven't." And Algy edged towards the front-door.

From sheer inquisitiveness he looked at the addresses of the letters. They were respectively to Count Svinski and to his aunt at Brammock.

He glanced cautiously up at the windows of his mother's flat, and, as he expected, she was watching to make sure that he posted the letters.

With the greatest dexterity, he managed to drop the somewhat small envelopes down his sleeve. He sauntered round the corner and then made for home like lightning.

Calling for a kettle of boiling water, he filled two small tea-cups with the same, and placed the letters over them. In a short space of time they yielded up their contents. As he read them—to do him justice, utterly unconscious of the meanness of the proceeding—his face grew radiant.

He simply put the letters into the wrong envelopes and posted them.

"If that doesn't bring about a conflagration, nothing will," he thought.

It did bring about a conflagration, and the next evening he received a telegram from Brammock, bidding him travel North at once.

Throwing a few things into a bag, he just managed to catch the mail, and reached Brammock in the early afternoon of the next day.

His aunt received him in company with the family lawyer.

Algy's heart bounded hopefully.

"She's going to change her will."

Algy thought his aunt looked very ill. She handed him his mother's letter to Svinski. In it were mentioned the flat in Curzon Street, the fact that she had just had her diamonds reset, some new gowns Félix was making for her—in fact, if poor Mrs. Vandeleur had been under cross-examination she could not have given herself away more hopelessly.

"What does it mean, my boy?" asked his aunt, in a voice of bewilderment.

The scene was so exactly as Algy had pictured it that all he had to do was to perform efficiently what he had rehearsed. He broke down and sobbed.

"Poor Mamma: she has sent you—the wrong letter," he said, brokenly.

"But how does she live—what does it all mean?"

"I only found out the truth three weeks ago," resumed Algy.

"The truth?" gasped his aunt.

"Yes. Mamma is heavily in debt. She has a richly furnished flat in Curzon Street. She has been depending on your money, and she owes thousands—thousands!" Algy's voice rose to its shrillest, and he wept again.

The white-haired old lawyer patted his shoulder reassuringly.

"Puir laddie, ye may be excused for greetin' over such a shocking discovery."

His aunt bade him go and get some lunch. He did so, and, shortly afterwards, heard two of the servants called into the room he had just left.

"Witnesses, witnesses, witnesses," he almost warbled, as if it were a vocal waltz. He held up a glass of superb sherry, and smilingly toasted a blackbird hopping about on the lawn outside.

The lawyer came in, and treated Algy with a novel touch of the deferential.

Later, he went to see his aunt, and found her weeping bitterly over the treachery of Mrs. Vandeleur. Algy embraced her almost with enthusiasm.

The shock, however, proved too much for the old lady, and during the night she passed away to a brighter sphere, leaving her earthly garment for her relatives to place, with such ceremonial as they might think fit, in the family vault.

Algy wired for his mother, who arrived evidently quite unaware of the altered conditions of things. She was followed, two days after, by appropriate mourning, and Algy derived some amusement from seeing her walk about the house mentally designing improvements and alterations. In fact, at lunch the day before the funeral, she gave herself away to the extent of saying that a place in Scotland was always decorative and looked well in the list of social arrivals and departures in the *Morning Post*.

The old lady was borne to the churchyard, and Algy and his mother returned to the house to hear the will read.

After a few legacies, the lawyer announced that everything the old lady had died possessed of was left to her nephew, Algernon Vandeleur, with an admonition to try and reclaim his mother from the path of extravagance and deceit, if possible.

Mrs. Vandeleur fainted and was borne to her room, and Algy received the homage of his new dependents graciously.

Mrs. Vandeleur was a clever woman and came down to dinner.

"Dear Algy," she said; "I know I am quite safe in your hands, even if the Count doesn't propose."

"Of course you are, Mamma. You will have a thousand a year."

Mrs. Vandeleur suppressed a look of disgust. She had, in the interval between her fainting fit and dinner, calculated that it would be two thousand.

"You see, Mamma, if you had got everything I should have had nothing, so you ought not to grumble."

Mrs. Vandeleur did not grumble. She smiled.

It is wonderful under what trying circumstances woman can smile.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE announcement recently made in these columns that Miss Ellis Jeffreys had signed an engagement by which she is to "star" for the next three years in the United States, under the management of Messrs. Liebler, of New York, naturally suggested that the London playgoer would not have the gratification of witnessing her acting during that time. Happily, this will not be the case. Miss Jeffreys will not devote the whole of her time to America, where, indeed, the regular season lasts only from twenty-six to thirty-two weeks, the interval being devoted to what the actors euphoniously call "resting." Miss Jeffreys' season, however, will be shorter than the ordinary. She will come back to England at the end of May or the beginning of June, and her present hope is that she will return to what has been, of late, her artistic home in London, and that she will be acting at the Haymarket during the early days of the autumn. At Christmas, however, she will return to the United States, to appear in the new play which Mr. Alfred Sutro will then have ready for her.

The opportunities of seeing Mrs. Kendal in a new part grow less frequent, for, now that she and Mr. Kendal have for so long elected to leave the West-End of London severely alone and to devote their great talents to the public of the provinces and the outlying London theatres which are, for practical purposes, regarded as provincial, they find that their familiar repertoire is adequate for their purpose. Indeed, what public could possibly tire of the exquisite art exhibited in "The Elder Miss Blossom"?

This evening, at the King's Theatre, Hammer-smith, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will both appear in a one-Act play, called "The Bird at the Neck," which they produced at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, about a fortnight ago. The author desires to preserve his, or her—or is it their?—anonymity under the pseudonym "X. L." The curious title has been suggested by a line from the Koran.

Will Mr. George Bernard Shaw lead the dramatists of the day to storm the theatres, the managers of which seem, almost to a man, to have decided in favour of Shakspeare, who would have been a far richer man than he was had he lived to-day and been able to draw royalties?

Within the next nine weeks London will be able to see three different Hamlets and compare them. On Friday afternoon of next week, Mr. Tree, in pursuance of his theory that Shakspeare should be mounted either as magnificently as possible or without any scenery at all, will play Hamlet at His Majesty's Theatre, supported by the Company which acted with him at Oxford last week. Three days later, he will make it his special Monday-evening play, and it will be acted with all the magnificence in the way of mounting to which he has accustomed us. On April 4, Mr. Otho Stuart will stage his production of "Hamlet" at the Adelphi, with Mr. H. B. Irving in the title-rôle, Mr. Oscar Asche as

the King, and Miss Lily Brayton as Ophelia; while on May 17 Mr. Martin Harvey will produce that play at the Lyric.

For some time, the English and American ideas of musical comedy and what we falsely call "pantomime" have taken ground in Paris, and with its latest production, "Tom Pitt, le Roi des Pickpockets," the Châtelet, which is the Drury Lane of Paris, has followed very closely upon British lines, mingling the methods of the Lane's two kinds of productions, the summer melodrama and the winter pantomime, and producing the mixture in the early spring.

It needs a bold man to do more than outline the story, which, to say the most of it, is shadowy. M. Lapoire, of Marseilles, has received orders from a correspondent in Santo Allegro, South America, to organise the marriage of this gentleman's ward, who is, when married, to inherit £20,000,000. M. Lapoire arrives in London, and, falling into the hands of Tom Pitt, the King of the Pickpockets, is steered by that worthy through a series of incredible adventures, both by land and sea, owing to Pitt's wish to marry the young heiress himself. How he fails to do so is told in four Acts and sixteen Tableaux, some of which—notably, the Bal Masqué of Santo Allegro, and the Aviary, with living lady-birds in the last Act—may well give Mr. Arthur Collins food for thought.

Tom Pitt, the principal personage of the piece, is played by Mr. Max Dearly, a Protean artist whose tastes run in an *entente cordiale* groove. During the play he enacts at least ten different parts, and in no one of them is he in the least like himself in any of the others, while he is funny in each, one of the whole series, and funniest, perhaps, as President of a South American Republic, in the worst-fitting suit of clothes imaginable. Besides Mr. Dearly and the scenery, the success of Tom Pitt was largely due to Mr. Tiller's troupe of eight dainty dancers, who were encored two or three times after each one of their numbers. "Les Anglaises de Tiller" have become bywords in Paris, and no musical play there seems to be complete without "Les Ping-Pongs," "Les Koktels," or a similarly and curiously nicknamed octette of dancing damsels from the Tiller school in Manchester.

Perhaps, as musical comedy and pantomimes have taken root on the other side of the Channel, we may soon hear of French *revues* with English words at home.

To our readers, as to the public at large, it will be a source of regret to learn that, in spite of a somewhat general belief to the contrary, Mr. John Hollingshead really died a poor man. It was a curious irony of fate for a man who so frequently talked of the enormous sums he had paid to the members of the dramatic profession. Realising, however, the good for which he undoubtedly worked in the years of his active management of the Gaiety, it has been resolved to take steps not only to perpetuate Mr. Hollingshead's memory by the erection of a suitable memorial, but also to be of active service to Mrs. Hollingshead, who is in straitened circumstances. The President of the fund is Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree is Honorary Treasurer.



THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE, MAYENCE: MR. MAX BEHREND.

Mr. Behrend, who, in company with Mr. Hans Andresen, was the recipient of a benefit at the Royalty on Monday last, leaves the German Theatre for the Municipal Theatre, Mayence, very shortly.

Photograph by Thiele and Co.



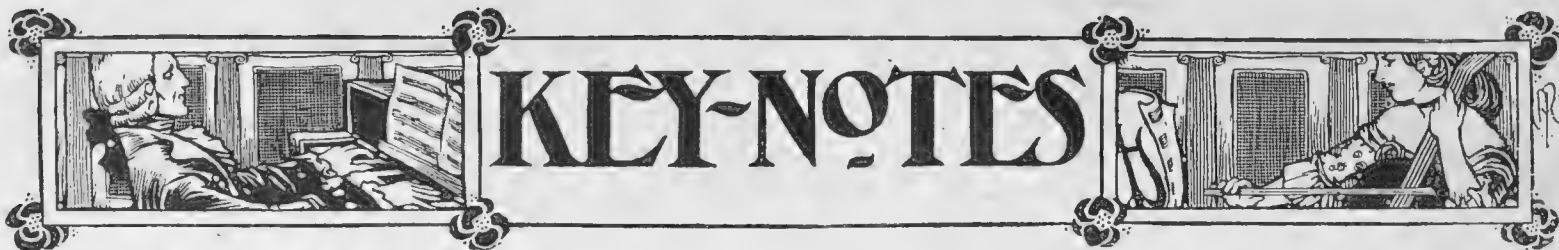
THE IMPORTER OF "BILL BAILEY" INTO FRANCE: MISS VICTORIA MONKS.

Miss Monks is now singing "Bill Bailey" at the Alhambra, Paris, and has made the song as popular across the Channel as she did on this side. The song, indeed, may be said to have made her, as she made it.



THE ENGLISH PICKPOCKET ON THE FRENCH STAGE: MR. MAX DEARLY IN "TOM PITT, LE ROI DES PICKPOCKETS."

Mr. Max Dearly is the "real Englishman" of the French stage. In order to secure material for his latest impersonation, he came to London and paid a number of visits to the East-End.



MR. HENRY WOOD is a conductor who delights in taking his public by surprise. At times he will set up a programme so enormous in length that his very best admirers clamour against his purpose and intention; at other times he will arrange a programme that seems so innocently simple that, practically, he makes the majority submit to his feeling, even though they are perfectly

aware that his seemingly short programmes are just as long as his long programmes. At the last Symphony Concert given at the Queen's Hall there were only three details mentioned on the programme; the first was Liszt's "Faust Symphony"; the second was a short series of songs by Berlioz, and the third was the Overture to "Tannhäuser," including also the Venusberg Music. Could anything be devised more simply and quietly than such a programme? Everything appeared to show that at last Mr. Wood had arrived at the point when even his own energy, magnificent and great as it is, had to give way to public opinion. But Mr. Wood is nothing if not cunning in his purpose. That innocent-looking programme really was as complex and as absolutely relative to his old method of concert-giving as

any institution as old as the Philharmonic Society is, to a certain extent, beyond anybody's powers of blame. It might easily be that a certain concert does not come precisely to the level of one's expectation; equally it might be that works are accepted which are not destined to have any sort of musical life in the world; but when you look back upon the enormous history of the Philharmonic Society, and remember the great and world-enthraling compositions which have come to practical life through its influence, it would indeed be more than harsh, it would be actually cruel to make any adverse comment upon the work of any particular modern concert. The present year marks the ninety-third of the Society's existence, and the first concert of the present season, given on Wednesday at the Queen's Hall, opened with the National Anthem. Oddly enough, even though Dr. Frederic Cowen, who stands among the most audacious of our contemporary English composers, was the conductor, the National Anthem was followed by the "Academic Overture" by Brahms.

"Academic" is a word which the present writer has very often applied to Brahms, and it is a word which various admirers of Brahms have almost angrily repudiated, even though the composer himself was ready enough to accept it as an epithet implying great praise. Mr. Ferruccio Busoni took the Pianoforte part in Saint-Saëns's Concerto for that instrument and Orchestra, in F (the pianoforte, by the way, was constructed by C. Bechstein). As in most of the work by Saint-Saëns, in any consideration of this score one never quite felt the presence of a great master, although one certainly felt that here was great and very particular cleverness. Into that ordeal Busoni cheerfully penetrated, and played, accordingly, to admiration. His method is fine and clear, his technique and his touch are most dainty, for, indeed, he has one of the lightest and most brilliant touches on the pianoforte of any contemporary player. It may be true that occasionally his sentiment of any particular work leads him into theatrical devices; but Saint-Saëns himself could never complain of the brilliant and bright sentiment which Busoni gave to the last movement of the work, despite its utter and absolute commonplace, and its lack of inspiration. Miss Ada Crossley sang Four Wagner Songs very beautifully, and with an almost noble sense of artistry.

The second part of the concert was devoted partly to Haydn's Symphony in D, and, omitting Liszt's "Paraphrase de Concert," it concluded with Mackenzie's "Canadian Rhapsody." Sir Alexander Mackenzie is undoubtedly to be ranked among the greatest musical creators of this country at the present day. Sir Hubert Parry, indeed, is a master of depth in music, and very often also finds inspiration in the great emotional matters of life. Sir Charles Stanford has also undoubtedly produced much light work which has attracted the attention of many amateurs, even though, at the same time, he is responsible for much of the dulness with which English music is identified. From these, of course, Sir Edward Elgar stands apart; yet he is linked to a certain extent with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who in his new work shows how admirably he can emphasise his own theory by combining the sentiment of National Song with the cleverness and the consecutive design of modern music. One word to follow: Sir Alexander Mackenzie has discovered how to use his intense interest in Scottish music in conjunction with his great technical powers. It was through that key, and by reason of that lock, that Wagner found it possible to enter the house of immortality.

COMMON CHORD.



SIR AUGUST MANNS' SUCCESSOR AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE:
MR. WALTER W. HEDGCOCK.

Mr. Hedgcock, the new Musical Director at the Crystal Palace, is no stranger to that institution, for he has been its organist for a good many years, and has played at many of the great musical functions, including the Handel Festival. He is a musician of considerable ability.

Photograph by Russell.

anything in the world could be. The artifice was obvious, or should have been obvious to anybody who followed the significance of the concert. Not for one moment does the present writer complain about the result; for in every detail Mr. Wood achieved a separate triumph.

Mr. Harold Wilde sang extremely well, and Mlle. Camilla Landi sang some songs of Berlioz with great charm, and also with a separate and most personal feeling for the songs written by the most unfortunate composer the world has ever seen. The "Tannhäuser" music was altogether splendid, both in the manner in which it was produced and also in the manner in which it was conducted.



MISS MARIE HALL TEACHING A FRIENDLY RIVAL: THE YOUNG VIOLINIST GIVING HER BROTHER A LESSON.

Miss Marie Hall, who, to the satisfaction of so many concert-goers, recently made her reappearance in public after her long illness, is evidently not afraid of family competition. Her brother is making rapid strides under her tuition, and his public appearance will be looked forward to with interest.



THE LATEST INFANT PRODIGY:
MISCHA ELMAN, THE BOY VIOLINIST.

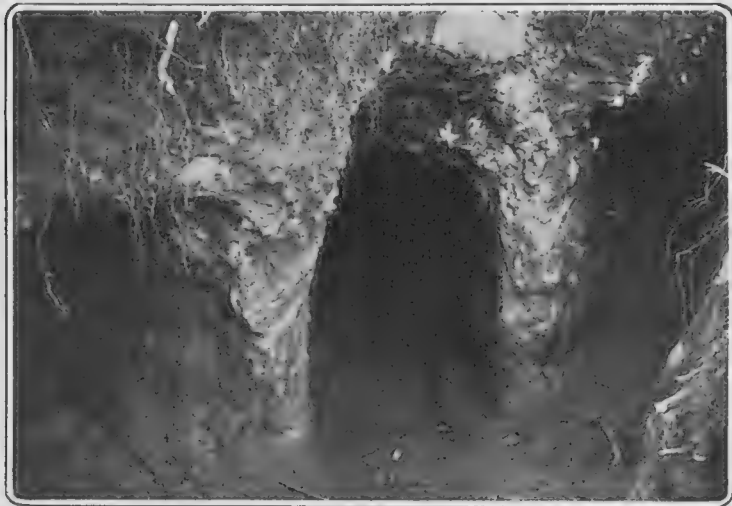
Mischa Elman, who made his first appearance in this country at Lady Palmer's "At Home," and made his first bow to the London public yesterday, was born at a village in the Government of Kieff in 1892. He first played before an audience when he was five, using a $\frac{1}{2}$ -violin, and since then he has had considerable success in St. Petersburg.

Photograph by Noach.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP—MOIFAA—TWO-YEAR-OLDS—THE COST OF RACING.

IF all I hear be true, we may expect some exciting developments on the eve of the Lincoln Handicap, when the hedging money for certain candidates comes from the Continent and our Colonies. I shall stick manfully to my guns and continue to declare for



A 'BADGER DRAWING NEAR BATH: SOME OF THE EXCAVATIONS.

The result of three days' hard digging, necessitated by the extensive nature of the "runs." The height of the holes is that of a woman of average size.

Sansovino, who has a big chance on the Derby Cup running. The danger, I am told, may arise from Csardas, who will very likely be backed for a big sum on the day of the race. The Newmarket men of observation declare for Andria and Charcot, both said to be in tiptop fettle, but it would not in the least surprise me to see Housewife finish in front of the pair, for the simple reason that the touts run Sir James Miller's candidate down, and it is always good business to oppose the Newmarket horse-watchers when they are unanimous. I do not profess to be able to solve the Netheravon puzzle, and can only suggest that the better of Hackler's Pride and Ypsilanti should not want for backing, and I am told that the last-named was only backed for a place when he got third in this race two years ago. Of Robinson's pair, Vedas and Newsboy, I should take the latter, with a run guaranteed, for he was said to be one of the best two-year-olds in training, and he cost his present owner three thousand guineas at the sale of the late Sir Blundell Maple's horses. But rumour has it that Newsboy is touched in his wind. If so, it would be as well to see him run again before backing him for any race. As for Rosebury, he may be the best horse in training or the worst!

If His Majesty's colours are carried to victory in the Grand National, the winter pastime will, I believe, hum for many years to come. A friend of mine who saw Moifaa do a gallop at Newmarket says he looks a winner all over. He is as sound as bell-metal, and Marsh has sharpened him up considerably. George Williamson, who will have the mount in the race, is in strict training, and is in the best of health, and all concerned are wonderfully confident. Mr. Gollan, who sold the horse to the King, had tried Moifaa shortly before the sale to be 14 lb. better than he was last year, which, by-the-bye, should get rid of the 10 lb. he has to give Kirkland. But the last-named has come on a lot, and the battle between the two should be a royal one. I think Moifaa will win, bar accidents, and I should select Kirkland and the good old plodder, Detail, to fill second and third places in the race. The last-named is a one-paced horse of the Gamecock calibre, and he is said to be able to stay for ever. He is owned by a lady in the East of England, who races under the assumed name of Mr. White Heather; and here it should be noticed that, up to now, a lady has never owned a Grand

National winner, although Mrs. Langtry won the Ascot Gold Cup and the Cesarewitch with Merman, who, in my opinion, would have won over the Aintree country had he been put to jumping.

Many of the two-year-olds have been galloped at Newmarket, and it is said that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has one or two quite equal to winning the Brocklesby Stakes. Very few of the jockeys riding to-day are capable of getting the most out of a two-year-old. Tom Cannon senior was the best jockey I ever saw ride in two-year-old races. He was good-tempered, tender, and had delicate hands, while he seldom used the whip, although, I believe, he often rode punishing finishes on older horses. Despair was an instance of a good racehorse being ruined by severe punishment when a two-year-old, and there is no doubt that many of the shifty horses in training at the present time were spoiled by either jockeys or stable-lads when they were two years of age, and this leads me to another phase of the question. It is notorious that in big stables the average of rogues among the horses is often much above that to be found in small training establishments, and the reason is not far to seek. The managers of some large stables are not in touch with the lads, who are often left to their own devices, and who sometimes nearly pull the young horses' heads off at exercise. In my opinion, forty racehorses are quite enough for any trainer to look after, and no trainer should be permitted by the Jockey Club to have more than that number under his charge.

Many racegoers with diminishing incomes complain of the out-of-pocket expenses required to attend a meeting, and really the time has come to apply the pruning-hook, where possible. I think the ring-fees at many of the meetings are far too high. Take Liverpool, for instance, where the charge is £2 5s. for admission to Tattersall's and the Paddock on a Grand National day, which means that any Londoner who wishes to see the cross-country Blue Riband run for must pay at least £5 for travelling-expenses and ring-fees alone. True, some of the big men of the Turf ride third-class, and an owner I know of, who died worth a quarter of a million, used to ride down to the meetings in his horse-box, along with his thoroughbreds. The owner I refer to looked for all the world like a wild man from Borneo, and I shall never forget his being stopped by a gate-keeper at Windsor, who evidently took him for a tramp. He owned some fairly good horses, all the same, including a Cesarewitch favourite that finished down the course. The majority of racegoers, however, go first-class, in order to avoid the crush. I think the race-meetings, in the matter of ring-fees, should follow the example of the Ascot fixture and give us admission for ten shillings per day, except on very big days.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE "DRAWN," AND ONE OF THE "DRAWERS."

The badger here shown is of exceptional size, weighing over thirty pounds.



THE FRUITS OF VICTORY: ONE FOR THE LESS

Photographs supplied by C. S. Sargisson.



NON-SKIDDING DEVICES—THE BRITISH TOURIST TROPHY COMPETITION—THE RECORDING OF MILEAGE.

A WELL-KNOWN tyre-expert, Mr. J. D. Siddeley, lately discoursed at considerable length, after one of the house-dinners at the Automobile Club, upon non skidding appliances, but during his remarks admitted frankly that he didn't use them and didn't like them. Speaking from personal experience, I am quite with this gentleman, for I hold that, when roads are sufficiently

greasy to provoke side-slip, cars should be driven reasonably and at a safe pace, in order that any tendency to swing may be averted before it develops sufficiently to be harmful. When driving a car fitted with smooth tyres over greasy roads, the speed should always be kept within

were, by reason of the strain thrown on the wheels, shown by Mr. Worby Beaumont, and others, to be undesirable.

"The most interesting event of 1905" is the manner in which the *Autocar* refers to the British Tourist Trophy Competition, which

will be promoted by the Automobile Club in the Isle of Man in September next, and in so qualifying this event I thoroughly agree with our contemporary. Touring-cars, and touring-cars alone, will be permitted to compete, and by the most salient condition of the contest, the limited amount of fuel to be consumed, freak cars will be altogether tabooed. Moreover, the absolute necessity of getting the uttermost out of every drop of petrol allowed has, to my knowledge, already caused many of the manufacturers who have entered cars to commence experiments in carburation such as they have never before undertaken, and the results of such tests must assuredly make for much improvement in this particular. Manufacturers are still very much in the dark as to the best form of carburetter—indeed, I question whether they have given anything like a fitting amount of attention to the proper dimensions and form of this apparatus, which is the very soul of the automobile internal-combustion engine. For the most part, they take the best instrument the carburetter-makers can supply them with and are content. By the time the British Trophy Test is completed, we shall know a good deal more about carburetters than we do to-day.



THE SAME ACCESSORY (BACK VIEW) HELD AWAY FROM THE STEERING-WHEEL.

Not only does this apparatus form an effective protection from the cutting wind, but it gives additional comfort by means of hot-water-tubing fixed to the inside.



(Photographs by Franger.)

TO PROTECT THE MOTORIST'S HANDS FROM THE COLD: THE LEATHER SHIELD WHICH WON THE FIRST PRIZE OFFERED BY PRINCE PIERRE D'ARENSBERG.

reasonable limits, and the clutch-pedal foot should never be off the clutch-pedal. A driver who is in sympathy with his car divines a slip almost before it commences, and, with his clutch-pedal foot in position, he can nip any skidding tendency in the bud by instantly de-clutching. All well-designed cars will reply to this treatment, for the instant the drive is off the rear-wheels the latter follow again the tracks of the steerers and the car straightens itself. Anything like a sudden use of the foot-brake with smooth tyres on grease is fatal, and a skid so started is very difficult—nay, almost impossible—to check. Therefore, in driving in traffic on greasy roads the car should always be in hand without resource to the brakes.

Nevertheless, if a car is always driven by a paid driver, I should strongly urge the use of non-skids, preferably one on each driving and one on one of the steering wheels. The best are the steel-rivet studded, chrome leather treads, such as the Samson; but such treads should be mounted upon the fabric foundation of the tyre, in lieu of the rubber shoe in the plain tyre, as then the great thickening brought about by superimposing the leather tread upon the usual rubber tread of a pneumatic tyre is avoided, and the consequent heating up of the tyre largely avoided. The big tyre-firms, such as the Dunlop Tyre Company and the Continental Tyre Company, are now supplying the non-skid people with the rubbered fabric foundations all ready to take the studded-leather tread, and, when the latter is properly mounted, you have the best non-skid available. But it must be remembered that tyres fitted with non-skids are not so clean as the untouched tyres, and that they take more power to drive them, so that the car is appreciably slowed. General opinion was against mechanical non-skids; in the shape of chains, wires, or trailing wheels. With regard to wire or chains which check the skid after it has commenced, these

silently and surely tot up the fleeting miles for them. This milometer is in the form of a bull's-eye, is simply attached to the outside of the cap of the wheel, and can be easily read in that position. For a correct instrument it is cheap at £2 10s.



THE FORTHCOMING MOTOR-BOAT MEETING AT MONACO: "PALAISATO II," ONE OF THE COMPETING CRAFT.

The Monaco Motor-Boat Meeting opens on April 2 with an exhibition of the competitors, which will last for three days. The trial trips for the competing craft will be held on the 8th of the month, and the actual race-week begins on the following day.

Photograph by Franger.

Every automobilist, when he comes into possession of a new car, solemnly resolves to keep an accurate account of the mileage covered by his new vehicle. Such a record, if faithfully entered up, is most interesting and valuable, for by it one can check consumption, tyre-costs, the life of various parts, &c. But how often does the average motorist stick to his resolve? A speed-record is something like a diary, and we all know how diaries tail off after the first month or two. Now, Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, the well-known instrument-makers of 9, Strand, W.C., have come to the rescue of the lazy ones in this respect at least, for, in their "New Milometer," automobilists have placed at their disposal, at a most reasonable figure, a neat little apparatus which will

silently and surely tot up the fleeting miles for them. This milometer is in the form of a bull's-eye, is simply attached to the outside of the cap of the wheel, and can be easily read in that position. For a correct instrument it is cheap at £2 10s.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE behaviour of our compatriots towards each other at Continental hotels is always a fresh source of amusement.

The average Englishwoman, who behaves quite nicely to her fellow-creatures at home, becomes quite another individuality abroad. She withdraws into her insular buckram, gazes at other and unoffending folk with cold, disapproving scorn, and seems to think that

flat, flatter, flattest hat could never achieve. And the flowers! They are really too bewitching, and, while taking such liberties with Nature as to show blue roses and purple mimosa, yet never do otherwise than delight the appreciative feminine eye. We counted twelve different colours on one hat yesterday, yet it was a little masterpiece of form and colour. Let certain true-born Britons try to assimilate such antagonisms, however, and see what a battlefield of horrors that hat would be.

The dresses are wide, voluminous, far-reaching in their silken effects; and one black-and-white taffetas, exquisitely tricked out with little gold braid medallions and *écru* Chantilly, measured ten mètres around, without seeming in the least exaggerated. Corsets still present a front of unbending rigidity. But this, though very appropriate to the natural *embonpoint* of the French figure, is, to one's thinking, less adapted to the English. When you see a woman's outline in one unbroken rigidity of line before, with an exaggerated swoop inwards of waist at back, the obvious unnaturalness strikes one as inartistic, and, however applicable the new corset to the rotund, it is quite equally unsuited to the slender.

Here at Cannes, Society supersedes shops, and a chastened gaiety takes the place of Monte's riotous splendour. Breakfast-parties are frequent and favourite. At Vicomte de Périgny's *déjeuner* at the Cercle Nautique this week, one saw Prince Albert Ghica with his Irish bride, whose father made money in New Zealand, having left Kildare to seek his fortune after the memorial manner of the Hibernian. Lord and



[Copyright.]

A SMART WALKING-DRESS IN BLACK TAFFETAS.

"foreigners" and all others whom she has not met or heard of, whether in Brixton or Belgravia, take a liberty in being alive. Compared with the graceful cordiality that marks the intercourse of these same "foreigners," or the fearless *insouciance* of the pretty American girl, it is to be feared that the British-born dame contrasts somewhat disadvantageously in the splendid isolation of her manner. As an excuse, one hears it advanced that Englishwomen are self-conscious and shy. Still, why in the name of all common-sense need bashfulness, or timidity, or shyness, or whatever else it is, assume such a prickly-pear exterior? Doubtless, as our women travel more they will begin to recognise this. Until that Millennium arrives, however, the average upper middle-class Anglo-Saxon, no matter how well-dressed or secure in her own superiority, will remain a somewhat isolated, rather dreaded, and entirely absurd spectacle to *les autres*.

Hats, hats, and still more hats, is the moment's motto of every shop and salon on the Riviera. One goes out on Monday morning to interview three or four efflorescent and amiable milliners, to be followed by as many cardboard-boxed creations before *déjeuner*, only to find oneself distracted in a dozen new directions on Tuesday, while a Wednesday stroll past the shops reveals combinations of which the soul had not dreamed until then, and so on *ad infinitum*. Every hat fresh from the artiste's needle seems a dozen times more bewitching than any predecessor. All are more or less tip-tilted this year, and perch themselves on the hair with a coquetry which last year's



[Copyright.]

IN THE NEW OYSTER-GREY.

Lady Brougham, who are, by the way, entirely responsible for the discovery of Cannes, gave a breakfast-party on Wednesday, at which Miss Paget and her sister, Leila, were present. Mr. Lester Roze, who is staying with Lady Alfred Paget, was of the party too.

I saw the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg on her arrival at the Nice Station from Moscow, where she had been to attend the funeral

of her brother, the Grand Duke Sergius. Looking at the inflexibility of expression and the pride which reflect themselves on her features, one realised how far divided are the sympathies and feelings of the ducal party and the serfs, for such the people of Russia still to all intents and purposes remain.

"The man with the machine" is returning to Monte Carlo. He has created no small interest and excitement here. But, notwithstanding his occasional coups and more or less regular gains, the Bank goes on serenely at its business of money-getting, and has this year absorbed eighty thousand pounds sterling more than any previous season. One can appreciate this in trying to get near the tables, which are always six deep with small punters, mainly of the "Teutonic persuasion," as someone called it lately.

SYBIL.

The Walker Gallery is well worth a visit just now, for it houses an exhibition of the work in oil and water-colours of Mrs. Mary Vernon Morgan and Mr. Walter J. Morgan, R.B.A. The artists' pictures are of gardens and flowers, and of subjects garnered in Italy and the East.

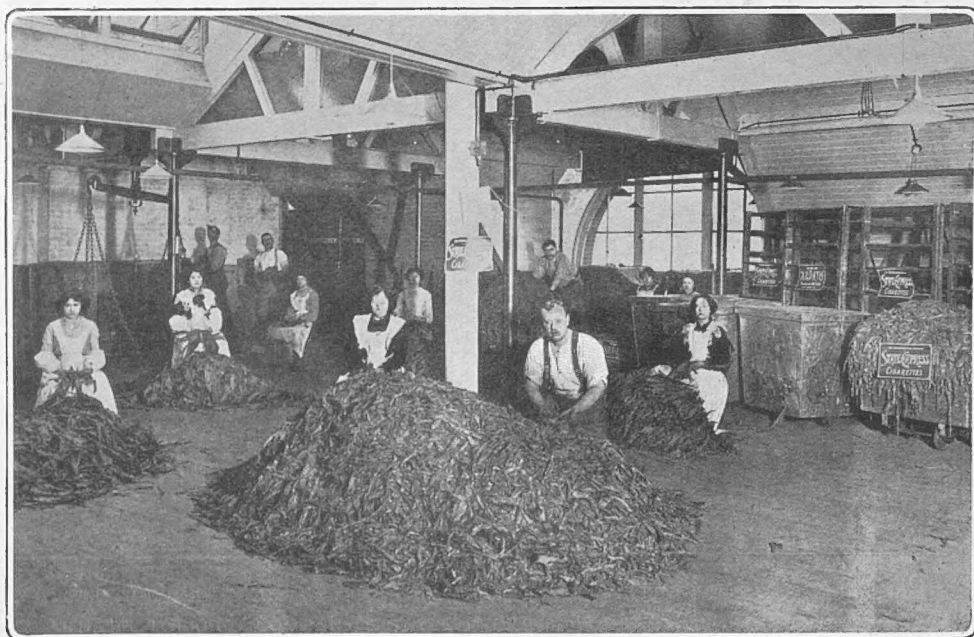
Mr. Frank Curzon will produce Mr. George Bancroft's comedy, "Lady Ben," at the Comedy on the 28th inst. Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Miss Darragh, Miss May Pardoe, Miss Fanny Coleman, and Miss Dorothy Grimston are in the cast.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. inform us that the first performance on the Continent of Captain Basil Hood's and Signor Franco Leoni's "Ib and Little Christina" took place at the Royal Opera House, Prague, on March 12. The opera was enthusiastically received and the composer called again and again before the curtain.

The success of the "Swan" fountain-pen has made it necessary for its makers, Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, to transfer their London headquarters from the comparatively small shop in Cheapside to a handsome new building, 79-80, High Holborn. The firm has also branches in Regent Street, Manchester, Paris, and Chicago.

That popular illustrated journal of fashion and social events, *Madame*, is now published at threepence weekly, and is making strenuous efforts to justify its statement that it is a sixpenny paper for threepence. The first number at the reduced price is an excellent one. Mrs. Aria supplies one of a series of weekly articles on dress, and all the former features of the paper are retained. These include Court and Society gossip, brightly written, notes on sports and pastimes for women, criticisms on new plays and reviews of new books, articles on bric-à-brac, short stories, and everything of interest to women, all illustrated.

The Ardath Tobacco Company has erected a new landmark in the smoking-world in the form of their new premises in Worship Street. These, necessitated by the ever-increasing demands of the Company's trade, will assuredly rank amongst the finest establishments of their kind, and comprise the general and private offices on the ground floor, a mechanical section in the basement, excise, supply stores, stock, and despatch-rooms on the first floor, and manufacturing and packing



IN A PALACE OF INDUSTRY: THE VIRGINIA-LEAF SORTING DEPARTMENT AT THE ARDATH TOBACCO COMPANY'S STATE EXPRESS WORKS, WORSHIP STREET, E.C.

Photograph by Bassano.

departments on the second, third, and fourth floors. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to point out that the Ardath Company is responsible for the popular "State Express" cigarette, and the Turkish Blend cigarette "Quo Vadis."

GENERAL NOTES.

THE afternoon of Thursday, May 4, will be one of those interesting and by no means infrequent occasions when the members of the theatrical profession come together to demonstrate unostentatiously and sympathetically their regard for one of their own community who has fallen on evil days. The stage of the Haymarket Theatre will be the gathering-ground for some of the most popular actors and actresses, who will act, sing, and recite in order to raise a sum of money which will be spent in assuaging the condition of Mr. H. B. Conway—the "handsome Harry Conway" who so often represented the hero of plays done at that house and at other West-End theatres. An appreciable portion of his career was spent under the management of Sir Squire Bancroft, who, with Miss Annie Hughes, is organising the performance, the price of admission to which will not be raised, although it is hoped that the funds will be augmented by subscriptions, which can be sent either to Sir Squire Bancroft or Miss Annie Hughes. That the entertainment will be well worth seeing goes without the saying when it is added that Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Lewis Waller, among the actor-managers, will appear, with Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Millard, Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Jessie Bateman, as well as Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. G. P. Huntley, and Mr. Huntley Wright.

It was at the Haymarket that Mr. Conway made some of his greatest successes and attracted a good deal of attention by his performance in several Shaksperian plays in which the late Lilian Adelaide Neilson was the "star," and she was supported by actors who formed what was practically a Stock Company. On one occasion, while playing Romeo, Mr. Conway found that, when he had to make his exit, the door which represented the entrance to Friar Laurence's cell was not open, but had been buttoned on the other side by some careless carpenter who had left his post. Mr. Conway pushed at the door and banged at it to try to attract someone's attention. No one came. The situation was getting desperate. Romeo had to go, but a bolt on the other side kept him prisoner. At last, in sheer despair, he put his knee through the canvas, which ripped up the whole length of the door. Then he marched triumphantly through the masonry, to the audible joy of the whole audience. During the remainder of the play, whenever that scene was used, the flapping canvas reminded the audience of a difficulty well overcome.

During his cruise in the Mediterranean, the Kaiser will visit Vigo, where he will have an interview with the King of Spain, and will also sail up the Tagus to Lisbon, to see the King of Portugal. When the Kaiser arrives off the coast of Italy, he will have an interview with the King of Italy, probably at Naples. The Emperor's stay in the Mediterranean will last a month and a half, but the Empress and her children will remain there for at least a couple of months.

Messrs. Dewar, of Perth, entertained eight hundred guests at a smoking concert at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, the other evening. Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., took the chair. There were nearly forty turns, and the most successful programme was rendered by some of the best artists in London. Each guest on leaving was presented with a handsome souvenir, beautifully printed in colours.



A NEW TROPHY FOR THE WESTMINSTER DRAGOONS: THE "BURN" CHALLENGE CUP.

This handsome trophy has just been presented to the Westminster Dragoons (2nd County of London Imperial Yeomanry) by Captain P. H. Illingworth, to be held by the Champion Marksman for the year in "B" Squadron. It is of solid silver, with rich acanthus-leaf decorations relieved by shapely flutings, and was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 28.

THE WAR AND THE MARKETS.

THE uncertainty among our Continental friends as to the Russian position, and the uneasiness which the French, especially, feel at the idea of their ally carrying on a hopeless war until financial troubles put a stop to such a course, are reflected in our markets. A day or two of good business is followed by reaction, and so it is likely to be until we can get this Far-Eastern complication out of the way. There is a general and growing conviction that the next six weeks will see the struggle over, and the now current story that the French Bankers will not find money for anything but a "peace loan" strengthens the possibility. From an immediate business point of view, of course, such a consummation is to be wished for, but it is questionable whether, in the long run, the interests of England would not be better served by the slow bleeding to death of the Russian Empire, and the removal for at least the next twenty years of the troubles in Europe, in Persia, and on the Indian frontier which the restless ambition of the Russian military party is for ever causing.

The public in this country is really taking an interest in Stock Exchange matters, and investing money especially in Industrial and Miscellaneous shares. The Yankee Market, although active, is quite dominated by the professional element, and Kaffirs are very much in the same position. In the improvement which is shown elsewhere the public has certainly taken a hand.

THE FLOOD OF NEW ISSUES.

It is a great pity that such a flood of new issues should be pushed out the very moment the timid investor begins to pluck up courage and take a little money from his stocking. If the promoters would only sign an all-round undertaking not to make any inroads on public credulity for three months, there might be a prospect of great days in the near future, but the success which has attended motor-omnibuses and suchlike ventures is bringing out such a flood of new concerns that the goose which lays the golden eggs will soon be smothered. We hope our readers will be very careful of the new issues to which they subscribe, and leave the motor concerns, except in exceptional cases, severely alone.

That the motor-omnibus is destined in the near future to supersede the horse-drawn article is clear to most people, but we think the idea is being exploited for all it is worth, and the result is likely to be that the public will be relieved of a considerable amount of savings. The present Omnibus Companies have not been so successful as to encourage the idea of adding to their number in the pre-motor days; they have their regular lines and routes well established, and they are going to turn their horse-drawn carriages into up-to-date motors; besides which, in a year or two, the competition with new Tubes and an electrified Underground Railway will be much greater than it is to day. Why the investor should imagine that there will then be room for three or four new concerns in addition to the old ones we do not know.

If we had space, we could say not too complimentary things about the estimates put forward; but, to cut the matter short, should our readers put their money in either the London Motor Omnibus Company, Limited, the London and District Motor 'Bus Company, Limited, or the London Power Omnibus Company, Limited, they will be embarking in a most risky speculation, from which they will only escape at a loss. Take only one consideration as an example. The expenses of running a motor-omnibus are, at least, £30 a week (including wear-and-tear), so that, before a profit is made, not less than 7,200 penny fares must be taken by each 'bus. One of the new concerns proposes to put on two hundred 'buses, and, we presume, the others a corresponding number. The amount of additional people to be carried to pay expenses alone can easily be reckoned. We can see no gold-mine in it.

PEKIN SYNDICATE AND HUDSON'S BAY.

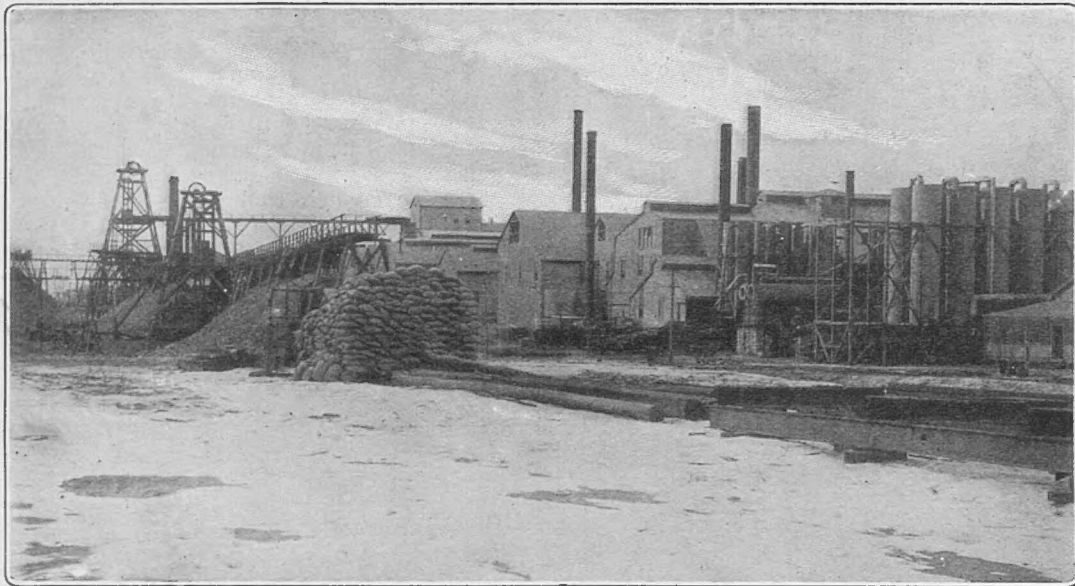
One thing that stamps the importance of the Miscellaneous Market as a centre of renewed leases of activity is the emigration

into its borders of many jobbers from several sections of the Mining departments. The Chinese group of shares, in particular, is attracting a remarkable degree of attention, and all of us newspaper prophets who wrote up Pekin Syndicates when the price stood about 11 are vigorously trumpeting our marvellous prescience. For ourselves, we believe that the Company has prospects which would justify the price of the shares standing nearer 25, but it is impossible to ignore the likelihood of sharp reaction after a swift rise brought about to no small extent by purchases for men who will be eager sellers if the price shows any determination to relapse. Similarly, we have great faith in Hudson's Bay shares, but here again the bull account has got to such a point that only the constant influx of new buyers can save a dramatic slump, if a few speculators decide simultaneously to secure their profits. American and Canadian support may, of course, be sufficiently pronounced to force Bays yet higher, and eventually, we have small doubt, the price will get to "par"—100.

OTHER LAND SHARES.

That there will be a continuance of the present boomlet in Land shares is the careful opinion of men who have made a study of the subject, and who have noticed how little such investments attracted general attention, even though the Companies steadily progressed. Land and Exploration concerns in all parts of the world are being sought out by the shrewd speculative buyer who is prepared, if need be, to wait a few years before coming into the full reward of his patience. The rise in Santa Fé Lands is called

sensational, but, if the position be examined, it will be seen that the current quotation demands no undue optimism for its justification, although, of course, we do not shut our eyes to the natural sequence which so often follows a heavy rise. There may be reaction, but the shares will ultimately go to 3. Then there is the Argentine Southern Lands Company, with its trifling capital of £140,000. It pays only a small dividend; but the value of land in the Silver Republic



THE GREAT BOULDER GOLD-MINE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

will not decrease: so much is certain. British North Borneo shares we discussed at considerable length some eighteen months ago, and the price at the time was somewhere under half-a-sovereign, the market being narrow in the extreme. Now, the shares are more like 1½, and will also improve, the properties including valuable land which only requires greater railway facilities—already in course of extension—for its increasing prosperity. A rise of a sovereign in Niger Company shares looks immense, although it is not large when the prospects of the enterprise are considered, and yet another still more extraordinary rise has lately occurred, very quietly, in the shares of the Nigeria and West African Development Company. In this case, it is said that an important discovery of asphalt and the finding of two oil-wells are responsible for the buying which has run the price up. Only South African Land Companies are neglected, and even they may, later on, have their turn.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Whew!"—and The Jobber threw himself back with the air of a man who had done his duty. "I don't mind telling you fellows that I'm tired."

"It isn't often I hear you say *that*," nodded The Merchant.

"About as often as the occasions when we all meet on the way home," added The Banker.

"You are awfully late to-night, sir?" questioned The Solicitor.

"One or two loans are on the tapis," explained the old gentleman. "Nothing big—oh! nothing big; just comfortably-sized issues, as one might say in slang terms."

"Slang!" exclaimed The Jobber. "You should hear how they talk in the House."

"What makes you tired?" The Solicitor demanded, suddenly. "I thought there was nothing doing in Kaffirs?"

"Kaffirs?" replied The Jobber, with a fine affectation of ignorance. "What *are* Kaffirs?"

"Rubbish: most of them," and The Carriage chuckled at The Solicitor's thrust.

The Jobber took no notice. "What *are* Kaffirs?" he repeated.

"Too high——," began The City Editor.

"He's jobbing in the Yankee Market now," said The Broker.

"Does quite three bargains a day."

"Quite," confirmed The Jobber, looking happy. "Gave myself a half-holiday because it's my wife's birthday."

"Empire or Coliseum?" inquired The Engineer.

"Or the Albert Hall?" put in The City Editor.

"Neither, gentlemen. It's to be 'The Taming of the Shrew,'" and again The Carriage laughed, asking for hints to be given after the celebration.

"So Yankees pay better than Kaffirs?" asked The Merchant.

"Last year we went to the National Gallery on my wife's birthday," was the oblique reply.

"You ought to be able to give us good tips."

"Why didn't you tell us about Ontarios?"

"Ontarios," declared the oracle, "were the tip of every ragged kerbstone punter in Throgmorton Street."

"There've been some good profits taken out of the shares, anyway."

"Why didn't I buy Unions at fifteen and Norfolks under ten?" cried The Broker, rocking himself as if the very recollection caused him pain.

The Banker shook his head when someone asked if Americans were high enough.

"How can I tell?" he answered with a question. "The country is doing well, and will do better when the commerce of Japan returns to normal channels upon the conclusion of the war."

"Isn't all that sort of thing being discounted?" and The City Editor bent forward.

"It may be all discounted in your gutter-rag of a paper," said The Jobber, with studied insolence.

"If you talk to me like that, we will uphold Double Commissions in our columns," and the City Editor gaily whistled.

"To what base uses can our City journalists be put!" interjected The Broker.

"Nobody cares a hang about double commissions, except a few unlucky devils in a place they call the Kaffir Market," The Jobber returned.

"When are these tips coming along?" said The Engineer, impatiently.

"Missouri are my favourite in the American Market," remarked its latest addition.

"And sell a bear of Steel Common," counselled The City Editor, drawing scornful comment from The Jobber.

"But the Steel Corporation is doing badly," persisted The City Editor.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"How about Home Rails?" the Banker inquired.

"They can only go better," it seemed to The Broker, "if money becomes really cheap."

"Which it is not likely to do on this side of the 31st of March."

"But the Stock Exchange always discounts events."

"An argument," pursued The Broker, "in favour of a revival in Home Rails."

"Such heavy things!" complained The Merchant.

"Rails usually are," chimed in The Jobber, who was promptly quelled by The Solicitor.

"We should all do well to sell a bear of Districts," hazarded he.

"And get caught by Yerkes and the Speyers? Not much!" and The Broker tilted his hat to a knowing angle.

"Districts may be worth 20 as a very speculative purchase," The Solicitor quietly continued; "but they certainly ain't worth 21."

"Haven't the pluck to sell the stock," admitted The Engineer, "although I am convinced you're right."

"Why not go a bear of a few?" The Jobber suggested. "We won't tell anybody. Thy servants are no Speyers; they are——," but his voice was lost in the general uproar.

"Perus are a lively market," observed The City Editor, tentatively.

"All this talk about ruptured negotiations with the Peruvian Government is so much froth, I take it?" asked The Merchant.

The Banker, appealed to, said he had no authentic information on the subject. "The stocks are highly speculative," he needlessly added.

"Not the Debentures?"

"The Preference and the Ordinary were the stocks to which I referred," was the rather crushing reply.

"I'm going to have the Prefs. if they drop another two or three points," declared The Broker. "The things are absolutely bound to come out on top."

"There's no 'bound to come out on top' about it," said The Solicitor, "although I think the Preference will go better in time."

"And as to that," remarked The Jobber, as he opened the carriage-door, "time alone can Peru've."

The Broker put his head out of the window. "You *must* be tired," he flung back as a parting shot.

THE SALT UNION.

When, after its reconstruction, the shares of this concern were being vigorously pressed upward, we pointed out the unsatisfactory position of the Company, and expressed doubts as to whether the scheme had put matters on anything like a sound basis. From that day to this the Ordinary shares have received nothing, and now the Preference dividend is reduced from 5 per cent. to 2½ per cent. The report for 1904 shows a small decline in sales, but, owing to the lower price received and increased working expenses, the profit is £23,700 less than in 1903, and the balance, after providing for Debenture interest, is reduced to a bare £13,000. To pay even the reduced amount on the Preference shares the carry-forward has to be trenched on, and nothing can, of course, be put to reserve. Unless some change is effected in the working of the Company, a further and more drastic reconstruction will be necessary. The Preference dividend is, fortunately for the Company, non-cumulative, or the position would be hopeless; but, even so, a couple of years like 1904 would make strong measures imperative. There is one thing which could save the concern, and that is the opening of China to the import of salt; but, as long as His Majesty's Minister in Peking maintains his present attitude to British trade, this is hopeless.

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAY DIVIDEND OUTLOOK.

It is not very long to the time when the holders of Argentine Railway stocks will be gladdened by the advent of the dividend season, but, as most of the principal Companies make up their accounts to the end of June, the distributions, except in the case of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and some of the smaller concerns, will be interim ones.

In the Rosario case we believe the distributions to be recommended will bring the dividend on the Deferred stock up to 6 per cent. The gross receipts for 1904 amounted to £3,754,455, or an increase of over half-a-million, and this on top of an increase for 1903 of nearly double this sum. In the latter year the working expenses were 47·6 per cent. of the gross, and, taking them at 50 per cent. for this year, there would be £1,877,000 net profit, or an increase of £236,000. The dividend for 1903 was 5 per cent., and £160,000 will be enough to bring it up by 1 per cent., so that there is a good margin.

The Cordoba Central makes up accounts to the end of the year, and has done well on two out of its three sections. The net earnings are divided among the three branches, and the calculations are of an intricate nature; but, as the result, the North-West Extension will about pay its Debenture interest, the Central Northern section Income Bonds should get 3½ per cent., and the Central First Preference shares 7 per cent.

In the case of the Villa Maria and Rufino, the directors will have £20,127 in cash under their arrangement with the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Company, and the 6 per cent. Second Debentures ought to get 4 or 4½ per cent. in cash and 2 or 1½ per cent. in Rescission Bonds.

Of the big concerns which will make only interim distributions, the first in importance is the Great Southern. The increase for the half-year is £185,000, and the usual interim distribution of 3 per cent. will probably be made. Whatever may be the result of the current half-year's working, we expect that for the year 7 per cent. will be paid, as the traffics are likely to be good. The Buenos Ayres Western and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific will probably make a like distribution. The Argentine Great Western had an increase of £18,000 for the December half-year, but the capital charges are larger than before, and the interim distribution will probably be 2½, at which it has stood for some years. The Entre Rios has a small gross increase, but from June to December is the Company's lean half-year, and, on the showing of the recent traffics, the whole year will come out well, so that a small Preference distribution may be expected shortly, to be made up in October to the full Preference interest for the year.

Saturday, March 18, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MARTELLO.—(1) The firm in question are members of the Stock Exchange, and quite first-rate. We expect they will want some sort of introduction before doing business for you, or, perhaps, they would buy the shares if you sent the money with the order. (2) As a five and a-half per cent. investment the shares are as good as anything we know.

CAISSE D'EPARQUE.—(1) A dividend is not within sight. (2) The Traction shares are a fair Industrial investment. (3) Yes; but the dividend may vary from year to year.

ANXIOUS.—We do not think there is much chance of a dividend. NEW READER.—The people you refer to are a bucket-shop of the worst type. If you have anything to do with them, or any of the touting, blind-pool, advertising brokers, you deserve to lose your money. They are nearly all swindlers.

POBREZA.—The investments are all good enough, but we do not see much more room for a rise. Caledonian Deferred is a fair speculation. Inter-oceanic Railway of Mexico 5 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds or Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" certificates should do for your lady friend.

A. M.—Your letter was answered on the 16th inst.

E. K.—As a speculation the shares may be promising, but more about the state of trade in that particular line is necessary before we advise purchase. An end of the war would probably improve the prospects greatly.